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A Mother

She longed for a little baby, but nature was cruel and would not answer her demands. Often she would sit in the empty house and craved for the touch of a baby's hand. Or to hear the lusty crying of a baby's voice. She wanted to feel the soft touch of the rosy pink skin. But, Alas, such is not so.

There as not a baby in the house. Only a man and a woman. The days were slow and monotonous. The woman felt the hollowness and darkness of the house.

The woman was weak. Very very weak. So weak that whenever she took a trip over to Oakland she got seaseick. She lived in one of those steep and uphill streets in San Francisco. Many times by climbing these streets she got so exhausted that she had to rest awhile before she could regain her breath.

The husband, too, was weak. But not so much so as the woman. So perhpas it was not so strange that they did not have anychildren.

The woman wished for a child all her life. But her prayers went unanswered. So after twelve years of deprived motherhood, she finally adopted a child. It is a girl. The woman, because she never had a child, never experienced the joys of a child's love. She had tenderness and affection to shower upon a little child but their was not a child to recieve it. Life was empty for the woman who never felt the adoration and tenderness of a child. The woman married for more than twelve years already and during all that time she craved for a child. And a child she at last has, but it is not her own. No one could be more fortunate to be the child of this woman. She cared for the adopted baby like it was her own flesh and blood. She showered tenderness and care upon her. But she is not spoiling the child. The child is well disciplined.

The baby was adopted by the woman five years ago. The baby was a little baby when she entered the house of the new mother. She was a bundle of red-pinkish flesh, a most adorable baby. The woman immediately fell completely head over heels over her. And in the night when the baby cried, the woman herself would walk the floor carrying the baby and comforting her. She got up at night and cooked meals the little babe. And that is something she had never done for twelve years, twelve long years.

The woman, becuase she was not accustomed to taking care of a baby, had a terrible time caring for the little babe. After a month of caring for the baby, the woman fell sick. As we have said, the woman was not strong. And waking up night after night was too much for her and she finally succumbed from fatigue. And the husband, because he too was weak and becuase the baby cried at night, could not get any sleep. And he too fell sick. And the baby developed a strange sort of illness that startled the woman. The baby got thinner and thinner and in spite of what the woman did, it got worse. And all three got sick. The baby caused it all. It's hard to believe it, but it is true. The woman sent the baby to a hospital for treatment. The baby stayed there for over five months. And the little baby finally got well at the neat and strudy sum of six hundred dollars. The woman already spent quite a lot for the adoption of the baby. And added to cost of the hospital bill it was alot

of money. But in time when a life was at stake money was not the important thing to consider. After the baby came back from the hospital, she was much better and older. And at night she does not cry so much. At that time the mother and the man were well from their illness.

Because the mother adopted a baby it benefited many people. There were new clothes to be bought. There was a woman to be hired to take care of the child. And then there were toys to be had. The woman put money into active circulation. And everybody was benefited. The baby because she got new clothes and toys, the woman who cared for the baby because she got extra spending money, the store because they were able to sell their goods. The man and the woman had quite a lot saved up because expenses for them were not great before they adopted the baby. When the child finally came to them they did not spare anything to make her happy. As a result the baby was in very fortunate hands. Even its own mother could not do as much for her as this woman did.

The baby was about a year old when the woman adopted her. Today she is six. She is having one of the happiest times of her life.

If the woman were a stage star, I could tell about her trips, her jewels, her clothes or her glamour. If she were a noted person I could tell about her accomplishments, her fame, and her work. But unfortunately, for me anyway, she is neither of these. She is one of the many of us who struggled and live. So to write a story about such a person is one of the most difficult things to do. Her life is more or less stationary. By that I mean she does not travel much. She has been in China and in California.

She lead a lonely life. When she married she was ready to face a rich life one full of joy which must now set in. But the months and years went by and the time she spent was on little vain things and when she thought about it, nothing was done. She had pictured it differently. Life was too slow. Too empty. It is that that had made her so restless, so impatient and the feeling that nobody understood her. For there is a big gulf between motherhood and a woman who is without child. But occasionally into her restless days there comes a feeling that, strangely like some indistinct promise that this sort of life would not continue forever. Something she does not understand but which she wished to hear. Too long she had been lonely for a child and to be like that was nothing less than life itself.

But this woman was a most considerate person. She would do anything to help anyone out. On days when she was tired out people would ask her to do this and that. And she would answer. "Yes I do it." And she did it too. Whenever a friend had a baby she was the first one to go over to help the new mother do her housework. She was the first one to contribute to charity. She loves children.

She came over to America after she married her husband in China. It was a great relief to know that she was not born in a village. previous to this we thought that little villages were the only place in which children were born.

Unlike most girls of her days she had a full education. She writes letters that draws praises from everyone who reads them.

The Chinese letters are so strange. Everything is so formal. The people who do not know much do not dare to write a letter for fear of being laughed at. People come to this woman and begged her to write letters for them. She always obliged. She had many friends.

In China she attended two different schools. A private school for girls. And a public school in which boys and girls mixed together. She devoted most of her time to study and concentration. It was her health that kept her from physical action. She was the brightest student of her class. And whenever the teacher wished to know anything she was always the one who knew it. In examinations she was excused from participation. The teacher made her listen to the other boys and girls recite. Even when she was a little girl her brightness startled her elders. She was just naturally brilliant. She did not have to struggle and slave in order to get a lesson done. She learned easily and that is that. She decided to become a teacher but her health did not permit it. She got tired easily and nothing could be done about it.

Therefore most of her life was spent in resting and recreation.

When she was 21 she married a young man who arrived from California. Perhaps due to the fact that both are pretty well educated they are drawn together. The result marriage! She then came over to the United States.

Another strange thing that we found out is that the men in those days who are born in America as a rule go back to get married. But, very strange too, is the fact that girls who are born here in the early days did not go back to get a husband. They married over here to men who are born in China and who came over when they are young. Quite odd, we think. But today that does not hold true.

The husband because of his health too, did not do any hard work. He became a dress maker. He opened a little shop on Clay street. Clothes were made to order to whomever wished it. The husband cut the clothes and the wife sewed it on the electric machine. In the Christmas holidays two extra workers were hired to help with the work.

It was at this time that the woman's desire for a baby became acute. There was no happiness in her life. Not that she was not happy with her husband, but that her life is not complete without a child.

Today she is truly happy. There is a sparkle in her eyes that were once so sad and dim. Her happiness seems to have affected her health. She gained a great deal of weight and she does not get tired so easy.

What more could she ask? She got money. An adorable child. An understanding husband. Her happiness is not complete. After scores of lonely years she is today no longer lonely.

Now this woman and man had been in the United States for a long, long time. They had been living here since they were married. They decided to go back to China to live there permanently. But they only stayed there a year. The woman got lonely. She missed her friends and relatives over here. So she came back to the United States two years ago. The husband went back to his former store to work. He went back and sold the store to a friend of his with the understanding that if he came back he was to have the store back. He did have the store back and he started to work all over again.

Today the mother is picking up her life where she left off. She is seeing her old friends again. And they dropped in from time to time to ask the woman to help them write letters. And as of former years she obliged.

As Shakespeare said, "All the world is a stage". Or something like that anyway. And that includes San Francisco too. People occurred in the activities of the human race happened each day.

And this woman stands above it all. Seeing. Understanding. For ~~was~~ she not a mother? And mothers always know best.

Well, sometimes, not always.

CX

Mr. Y was born in a village in Sun Wui District in the province of Kwong Tung in 1905. A member of a wealthy family, he enjoyed many things out of reach of the poorer classes. Having travelled quite a bit both in China and the United States, and having worked of his own accord in California to further his education here, his life is of especial interest because of his contact with conditions in the large centers of China.

Through speculation in foreign exchange, his father lost his wealth, and for several years they had a taste of conditions little better than the poverty of those in less fortunate circumstances. However, fortune again smiled on them when the government sent Y's father over to the United States to coordinate the Nationalist Party in San Francisco. That, however, did not last long, and in 1919, the father entered the importing business to make a living. The family in China in the meantime was kept on its feet by the grandfather.

In 1921, the business expanded from the sole imports of baskets to the general art line. This afforded the older brother, who had come over in 1916, an occupation, and later Y came to America, arriving here in 1926.

Showing a rather independent spirit, Y, after finishing high school here in San Francisco, went to another city to

work his way through ^{Junior} Junior College, later returned to finish his college education in this city. After receiving his degree, he went East and attended two leading Universities, even though he knew that if he undertook the attainment of higher education he would have to endure difficult living conditions. For two years, he bore his troubles in the struggle for existence and then received his Master's degree.

On being asked to compare living conditions here and in China, he said,

"Even though our house in the village was the largest, and it had a tile floor instead of only the ground, I cannot say that our lot was much better than that of other people. Wealth in China means a larger house and a little better food, but other facilities were lacking to us as well as to the other people. Our villagers, as usual, cultivated rice, and each family had besides that commodity, vegetables and pork, since every family raised pigs. Outside of those items, few others were available.

"While very young, I attended the various grades of Chinese school in my own native village up to the Explanatory or Clarification stage, and then went to boarding school in both Kongmoon and Canton. The Explanatory stage, as you know, is the period in which the books memorized by the student are explained to him; the classics, therefore, are not understood by the pupil until he reaches this stage. I finished that stage in Canton, and since I knew a little of English, I

came over to America. Of course, like all youngsters looking for thrills and wonders, I was happy to come, and during the whole of the journey I was full of expectancy.

"What cities did you visit besides Canton?"

"Shanghai, Pekin and Hong Kong. Living conditions there were no better than those in the village except for the extremely wealthy".

"Extremely wealthy! What about the middle classes?"

"The extremely wealthy had everything - all the facilities that even the poor here in America enjoy, and the so-called middle classes were so miserable that they were just as bad as the poorest. In China, there are only the extremely rich and the indigent ^{no} poor and facilities of any kind are available to the common people as they are here.

"I remember that my father and I stayed in both Canton and Shanghai, and paid ten dollars a day for a room in a good hotel, which would be equivalent to a second class hotel here. The room was poorly furnished compared to those here, and there was a water closet that was indescribable in its awful stench and filth. I do not see how humans can live in such surroundings, but the poor in China put up with even worse conditions. Why, for seventy-five cents a night in a hotel here, I can get a room that has all the comfort enjoyed by the ex-

tremely rich in China. I must say that hotel conditions in Shanghai and in Hong Kong are a little bit better than in Canton. While in Canton, one can get a truer picture of China than in Shanghai and Hong Kong, for conditions there reflect the environment of the people. Shanghai and Hong Kong have a greater number of foreigners, and of course, their living standards are high. In order to live in the cities with the same comforts to which one has become accstomed here in America, one must do so at high cost. Conditions are such in lower class hotels that I would venture to say that a toilet in the poorest house over here is better, but I could not say this for certain, since I have never lived in such a house here.

"After a person has become accustomed to things over here, he can never be happy in China. When he returns to his native land, he finds all that he hears of improvements an exaggeration, and should not expect too much lest he be disappointed. Personally, it would make no difference to me for I would certainly live in Shanghai if I ever returned to China, and there I can live quite comfortably."

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LIV

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LVI

LVI

It was in the lonely night

at home in the town

solitary Man

that was the Man

715-721

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728-729

730-734

ya llegó el tiempo de ver yo =	tö yatypait nyxot
" " " " comer tu =	tö yatypait mcaiot
vengo para ver	= nmimpöt3 heecüxm nyxot
vienes " "	= nmimp " ixyxot
vengo á ver	= nmimpöt3 " nyxot ixpa
irac á comer	= mnöexob caiba
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[Yantepec] texox para vender	= toxox
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" á comer	= kaipa

CHINESE
(Race Munkh)

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220 1/2
2 1/2

Racial superstitions of
mothers-to-beCHINESE

The expectant mother is advised not to see any parade in which grotesque idols are displayed for fear the sight of them may in some way mark the unborn child.

Warnings are given to the pregnant woman not to raise her arms too high over her head nor to hammer nails into the walls nor to walk too far in order that she may not have a miscarriage.

She is likewise advised not to eat too large a quantity of crab, shrimp, pineapple or bananas. These foods the Chinese believe will cause excema or some form of skin eruption upon the child.

She is also warned not to mend her shoe while it is on her foot, for if she does this, her child may be born with some of the toes grown together.

When a Chinese woman has given birth to a child she is told not to drink any cold liquids. Not even cold water. Everything she drinks must be warm.

According to Chinese belief, the new mother is filled with what they call "cold wind air". Her body at this time must consequently be treated in order that she may rid herself of this cold air. Therefore the Chinese conclude, she must have warm fluids and must eat a particular dish made of pigs' feet and ginger cooked in chinese vinegar. (Chinese vinegar is made from rice)

This food is always cooked for the mother and she is advised to eat it for one month after the birth of her child. She may eat it several times a day, or once a day, but eat it she must. If she does not have this mixture of foods, the Chinese believe she will suffer from any number

of various ailments, in later life. For they believe it is extremely dangerous to allow this "cold wind air", which is in her body to remain there. And this spicy dish is a certain and sure means of removing what appears to them to be a very injurious thing.

In regard to this custom, I asked a doctor (a young Chinese woman who received her M. D. at the University of California) if she found this tradition in existence among her patients in San Francisco. She said it was a prevailing custom as so long as it did not appear harmful, she did not advise her patients against it.

A large pot of this food is kept on the stove read, not only for the mother but for all friends who may come to visit her and pay their respects to the new arrival. For one month this food is prepared, during which time the mother is always home.

When the Chinese call for the first time on the mother and child, the custom is to bring some silver coins wrapped in red paper. These small packages as I understand are not given to either the mother or father, but laid near or upon the infant. Presents are also given but generally after one month and when the banquet is held. Baby showers and presents are never given before birth, as with the general American custom.

The most important ceremony for the baby is the one held when he or she is one month old. At this time close friend and relatives are invited and it is a festival of rejoicing and happiness. One of the essential features of the celebration is the appearance of dyed red eggs. Ordinary hen eggs are colored, but unlike our multi-colored Easter eggs, the Chinese only use red. The ginger, pigs' feet and vinegar dish is present of course, and another special dish, chicken cooked in wine. There may be other foods, but the three mentioned are considered of prime importance if not necessities.

Note:

According to one Chinese woman, the dish of ginger, pigs' feet, and vinegar is rarely cooked unless there is a birth in the family. Consequently whenever anyone smell the aroma of the dish, they immediately suppose there has been a birth in the near vicinity. However, once in awhile, someone breaks the rule and makes the dish "without benefit of birth" thereby causing considerable speculation and occasionally much puzzlement. I asked Miss Lee if this dish could be ordered in a restaurant. She assured me it could not be gotten there. However, another Chinese woman contradicted that and said it could be had in almost any restaurant. Incidentally it is said to be a very delectable food.

Heredity

If there are no children in a marriage, one of the Chinese beliefs is that the wife's body is in a weakened condition. Consequently she takes various tonics to strengthen herself and if she can afford it, gets a tonic made from Mandrake.

Mandrake, the Chinese consider, is a highly valuable root, possessing supernatural powers. The roots of this plant resemble somewhat crudely the bony structure of the human body. And the more closely the roots resemble a body, the more potent and the more expensive it becomes.

So positive are the Chinese that mandrake is in some way possessed of human properties, that they say the root moans and groans when it is drawn from the earth.

There is also another belief in connection with sterility, that has to do with the graves of the ancestors. If the graves are incorrectly placed or if the ground is too wet around them, the Chinese believe, these factors will affect the family tree.

(I am not certain whether this belief is applicable to the ancestors of both the husband and the wife.)

Concerning Mid-wives.

In reading Dr. Palmer Finley's book, "The Story of Childbirth", I found the following statement: "The Chinese people in San Francisco have dropped their native custom of employing mid-wives and are using physicians, often of their own race. There is no higher maternal or infant mortality among them than among the residents of San Francisco in general."

I inquired into this and found the situation to be as Dr. Finley had written. However, the reason for this apparent advancement in scientific methods, is not due to any desire on the part of Chinese women to have physicians, when their children are born, but is due to the fact that they are able to have birth certificates.

This reason was given to me by a young Chinese woman. I then asked a Chinese doctor if it were true, that there were practically no mid-wives in Chinatown. She answered me, "The majority of the women have doctors." I asked if it had anything to do with getting a birth certificate. "Certainly," she said, "it has all to do with it."

CHINA

RACIAL SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MOTHER-TO-BE.

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A large pot of this food is kept on the stove ready not only for the mother, but for all friends who may come to visit her and pay their respects to the new arrival. For one month this food is prepared, during which time the mother is always at home.

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STERILITY

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**(Note: According to California law a physician must, if possible, be in attendance at child birth. The birth must be registered and a birth certificate is of very great importance to the native-born Chinese.)

780
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3250

believed she was in Hell
thought she went

The Hag who ~~went~~ to Hell
The Hag who went to Hell

The old hag sat outside her door, and slowly rocked the chair she was sitting on. Her faithful dog lay close at her feet, keeping a vigil over its mistress and to frighten away anyone who tried to harm or molest her.

This strange old woman was always reading books, and what the books were no one had ever found out. She was a mysterious character, so strange and odd that the people of the little town often wondered and tried to figure out who she was. Some said she had once committed a great sin and that she had not been the same since then. Others again insisted that she had always been a good woman, and ^{that} she had been brought to ^{this} ~~that~~ state through hard and unfortunate experiences.

It so happened that in the same town there lived a boy by the name of Wing. He was an orphan, accustomed to wandering around the town, doing nothing to help himself ^{improve} ~~along~~. No one bothered him, and no one cared what he did. He was the leader of a group of boys who always played pranks upon innocent people, some just ^{out (in the spirit of)} ~~as a~~ jest, others with a malicious purpose. The people of the town gradually came to be afraid of this ^{gang} ~~group~~ of boys. ^{Most} ~~The~~ parents ~~of the boys~~ tried their very best to keep

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their children from associating with Wing, but it was impossible to prevent it.

~~Now~~ This old hag lived in a tumbled and broken-down shack on the edge of the town, alone and in silence, away from the people and noise. She never talked to anyone, and no one ever talked to her.

One day Wing and his group of boys were passing by this old shack. Many times they had passed by and paid no attention to it, but this time they stopped and wondered what the old hag was doing. Just then she came out and sat down in her rocking chair and immersed herself in her books. Her faithful dog kept a close guard, its eyes staring straight at Wing and his companions ready to protect its mistress at the slightest threat.

Now Wing was determined to find out what she was reading, so he said to one of the boys, "You keep a close watch on the dog. I will go up to the old hag and take her books away from her."

Wing approached the old hag. The dog got up, prepared to spring upon Wing at any moment.

"This is a fine day, is it not?" Wing began.

The old hag raised her head, then lowered it, and continued to read her book. The dog was still suspicious of Wing, its hair still bristling.

Wing's face became a livid red with rage and he

shrieked out at her, "So, you won't answer?" He picked up a large stone and threw it against the window, shattering the glass into small pieces. The faithful dog sprang upon Wing, and buried his fangs in his leg leaving an ugly and bloody gash. The old hag poured a perfect torrent of strange sounds at him, mumbling and whining almost like a bitch.

Wing's companions scattered to the four winds, running pellmell in all directions to avoid this mad and ferocious dog. Wing was left alone, warding off the dog as best he could. He finally managed to get away, hurt and bruised.

Many days passed by, during which Wing did not have a chance to call his companions together again. Meanwhile the old hag continued on with her reading, sitting there outside in the sun.

Wing had failed to get the books, but he made up his mind he would not give up until he had seized at least one.

And the old hag continued sitting outside her door, reading her books with religious devotion, devouring every word, every phrase.

Many years before she had sinned, and now she was attempting to obtain absolution for herself by reading the books that would purify her mind and body. In the

course of years this preoccupation with one idea had slightly unhinged her mind, and she had come to believe that everything described in the books was true. She believed that virgins went to heaven and sinners went straight to hell and in hell they were consumed in flaming fires, their stomachs were ripped open with long spikes, and flames of fire thrown into their eyes. In a chapter of one of her books it stated that ^{when} a sinner reaches hell one cannot see very well, that the external world became blurred and one's vision impaired. Now she had sinned and that is why she was now having difficulties with her sight and had to wear spectacles and that is why, although she could still see the things familiar to her, she did not see them clearly.

In another chapter it read, "She came to heaven and the gods came to welcome her. They offered her food and wine and she became an angel. She had been a good woman and therefore she was now to be rewarded with a happy eternal life."

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The spirit of Wing touched her again and she felt his cold icy hand.

And again she heard the hollow voice of the departing spirit, "I shall come soon to haunt you." The door closed and she found herself alone once more. There she sat, her mind a blank yet confused and turbulent.

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Saying this, one of the devils took out a long sharp knife, flashing it in all directions.

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"I am suffering with my eyes. I have sinned and so I suffer," she said. She felt herself all over, felt something wet all over her abdomen, but it was not cut open.

The old hag sat there, lamenting the anger that had prompted her to strike the boy. Deeply she repented. It was of no use now. So she sat there moaning to herself and weeping. Yet she did not feel any pain, despite the fact that she knew her stomach and intestines had been cut out and burned over the hot fire.

She made her way to the corner and untied her dog. It wagged its tail, and licked her face. She was too exhausted to worry about the devils any more. Let them come; she did not care. Let them kill her; she did not care. Only, why must she die such a slow and such a painful death?

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The night came on, and the old hag slept a refreshing, uninterrupted sleep brought on by exhaustion and fear. The morning dawned gray and cloudy as usual.

She woke up with a start, suddenly remembering all the things that happened. Could it have been a dream that she had. But no. All around her she saw the same familiar things, and they were still blurred and indistinct. Yes, she was still suffering from her eyes just as the woman sinner in the book.

Toward afternoon there was a loud knocking at the door.

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The outer door opened; the devils marched in.

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One of the devils then began to prepare a hot fire.

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of the red flames of fire leaping up and down, she suddenly let loose a terrific scream, yelling at the top of her voice.

The scream was reechoed by another, one equal in intensity. She heard it. It was ^{the} loud laughter of boys.

The spirit of Wing then came forth and spoke to her, "Here, you old stupid, near-sighted hag. Here is your pair of glasses. I stole them from you ^{that (when we were here)} ~~one~~ night and decided to play a joke on you. I had been told all about those books."

The old hag put on her pair of glasses and she saw that she was in her own room, and that directly in front of her stood Wing and his young companions.



The Hag who Went to Hell

The old hag sat outside her door, and slowly rocked the chair she was sitting on. Her faithful dog lay close at her feet, keeping a vigil over its mistress and to frighten away anyone who tried to harm or molest her.

This strange old woman was always reading books, and what the books were no one had ever found out. She was a mysterious character, so strange and odd that the people of the little town often wondered and tried to figure out who she was. Some said she had once committed a great sin and that she had not been the same since then. Others again insisted that she had always been a good woman, and she had been brought to that through hard and unfortunate experiences.

It so happened that in the same town there lived a boy by the name of Wing. He was an orphan, accustomed to wandering around the town, doing nothing to help himself along. No one bothered him, and no one cared what he did. He was the leader of a group of boys who always played pranks upon innocent people, some just as a jest, others with a malicious purpose. The people of the town gradually came to be afraid of this group of boys. The parents of the boys tried their very best to keep

their children from associating with Wing, but it was impossible to prevent it.

Now this old hag lived in a tumbled and broken-down shack on the edge of the town, alone and in silence, away from the people and noise. She never talked to anyone, and no one ever talked to her.

One day Wing and his group of boys were passing by this old shack. Many times they had passed by and paid no attention to it, but this time they stopped and wondered what the old hag was doing. Just then she came out and sat down in her rocking chair and immersed herself in her books. Her faithful dog kept a close guard, its eyes staring straight at Wing and his companions ready to protect its mistress at the slightest threat.

Now Wing was determined to find out what she was reading, so he said to one of the boys, "You keep a close watch on the dog. I will go up to the old hag and take her books away from her."

Wing approached the old hag. The dog got up, prepared to spring upon Wing at any moment.

"This is a fine day, is it not?" Wing began.

The old hag raised her head, then lowered it, and continued to read her book. The dog was still suspicious of Wing, its hair still bristling.

Wing's face became a livid red with rage and he

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shrieked out at her, "So, you won't answer?" He picked up a large stone and threw it against the window, shattering the glass into small pieces. The faithful dog sprang upon Wing, and buried his fangs in his leg leaving an ugly and bloody gash. The old hag poured a perfect torrent of strange sounds at him, mumbling and whining almost like a bitch.

Wing's companions scattered to the four winds, running pellmell in all directions to avoid this mad and ferocious dog. Wing was left alone, warding off the dog as best he could. He finally managed to get away, hurt and bruised.

Many days passed by, during which Wing did not have a chance to call his companions together again. Meanwhile the old hag continued on with her reading, sitting there outside in the sun.

Wing had failed to get the books, but he made up his mind he would not give up until he had seized at least one.

And the old hag continued sitting outside her door, reading her books with religious devotion, devouring every word, every phrase.

Many years before she had sinned, and now she was attempting to obtain absolution for herself by reading the books that would purify her mind and body. In the

course of years this preoccupation with one idea had slightly unhinged her mind, and she had come to believe that everything described in the books was true. She believed that virgins went to heaven and sinners went straight to hell and in hell they were consumed in flaming fires, their stomachs were ripped open with long spikes, and flames of fire thrown into their eyes. In a chapter of one of her books it stated that ^{when} a sinner reaches hell one cannot see very well, that the external world became blurred and one's vision impaired. Now she had sinned and that is why she was now having difficulties with her sight and had to wear spectacles and that is why, although she could still see the things familiar to her, she did not see them clearly.

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~~The Cheat~~
The Cheat

The day had suddenly gone cold and dreary, the chill winds of the rippling bay blew continuously inward, westward, from the pacific, then played upon the waters of the bay, and continued on its course toward the Oakland estuary. The gray clouds up above floated sad and dark, and the air held an ominous feeling, crying and suffering, but the wind blew on and on.

Steve stood motionless near the broken window, looked far out into the gray city below, but he did not take notice of the slight, drizzling rain, nor the rustling of tree leaves. Instead he saw the dark waters of the estuary, cold, black, and menacing. It lay there cold, swirling around, the water going off into concentric circles, then it was calm again. He drew his ragged coat closer to him, and looked drearily toward the skyline far away. The tall tower of the Alameda tube on the other side of the estuary was quite clearly outlined against the faintly setting sun, despite the dark foggy atmosphere. Outside the rain splashed, and the streets became wet, like a mirror, and soon the lights on Harrison Street became bright. The buildings all along the street were now wet with the dripping rain, and the streets glittered with the reflection of the electric lights. ~~Later~~ ^{Steve} stood at his window, hardly feeling the cold night wind on his face, nor the fact that the minutes were flying by, one after another in rapid succession. After many minutes of deep concentration, his face pained with worry, Steve came into the small kitchen, sat down on the stool, and called his dog.

"Pete, Pete!" he called. A small brown dog came running toward him, jumping into Steve's lap. Steve took the dog in his arms,

and caressed the dog with his cold hands. The dog, seeing its master so cold and weary, looked up, and licked his face. Steve felt a tender affection for this dog.

Steve moved his hands over the warm hair of the dog.

"No matter what happens, I still got you, haven't I Pete? Come, let's get some chow."

The dog, who just a minute ago was sitting on Steve's lap, jumped down quickly, recognizing what the word chow meant. The dog had not eaten since noon, and was hungry now. Steve got up, stretched himself, opened his mouth for a big yawn, and prepared to get something to eat. He did not open the ~~the~~ electric light. Last month the bill was too high, and he was economizing, t^Nurning on the light only when necessary. He opened the almost barren cupboard, ~~##~~^{only} a little milk and some bread, that was all.

"Here Pete," Steve called, "here's your chow." The dog wagged its tail, and speedily lapped up the milk, and finished it. The dog looked up at Steve, watching the piece of bread that Steve was slowly munching.

Steve noticed the dog. "What, you've finished, you little rascal. What're you trying to do? Make me starve?" The dog looked at Steve. Steve smiled, and broke off a small piece of his bread.

"Here's some bread for you." The dog ate it quickly.

Pete wagged its tail, and barked twice.

"You know, Pete," Steve began, "isn't any fun being poor. Gosh darn those Chinks, swiping all my dough, those good for nothing Chinks. I'll fix 'em tonight, you just watch, I'll fix 'em."

Steve continued crunching his bread, ravishing every bite, every mouthful. He felt better, but he was sick and tired of bread now, but he could not afford to buy anything else.

"Curse those Chinks," he said again, "damn 'em all."

Steve got up, went to rack and put on his old worn cap on his head hastily, and threw up his coat collar to protect his neck from the rain.

"Stay in, Pete, be back soon," he yelled after the dog, closing the door quickly.

Steve went down the steps, the stairs creaking under his heavy weight. Outside the rain was falling continuously, slippery and shiny, wet. Steve buttoned the top ~~button~~ of his coat, and walked down the street toward Chinatown. The passing automobiles splashed water on the sidewalks, throwing up a brown muddy shower all over. Steve crossed the street, but was too late to avoid a passing car which splashed water all over him, the quickly disappeared down the street.

"That sonavabitch," he mumbled.

He was walking down fourth Street now, and the trees on the sidewalks threw dark shadows on the walk. Steve stopped under the trees, drew out a dirty handkerchief from his pocket, and began to wipe himself dry. He went out into the rain again.

The lonely freight cars stood out like phantoms on Second Street.

Steve gazed a long while at them.

No, never again, not me. Too tough, he thought. He went down the street toward Chinatown.

The bright lights of Chinatown glistened out in the rain. The Filipinos boys were having a grand time shaking dices, and

munching peanuts at the cigar stand. The bright lights of the stores, the noise of the automobiles, and the shoutings and loud sounds of gambling mingled with the splashing of the falling rain. Steve walked down the street, and stopped in front of Old Fong¹² lottery shop. He entered into the back room, knocked on the door. A little hole in the wall opened; a pair of slanted eyes peer out; and then the door was open.

Chung, the look out man peeped out, looking at Steve.

"Did I catch anything?" Steve asked.

"Don't know. Inside find out," the Chinaman told him.

Steve went through the dimly lighted alley, and entered the gambling room. The stove was heated, and the room was very warm. Steve settled himself on a comfortable chair.

"Can I have a book?" he called out.

Old Fong opened the drawer, took out the afternoon drawings, handed it to Steve. Steve looked at the different companies. Union, Fook Chong, Fook Tai, Sunset. Nothing for him.

The other men were busily marking tickets, awkwardly holding the Chinese ink brush.

Mike did not know what to do. He had only three dollars left, his last money in the world. He spat into the floor, wiping his mouth with one stroke of his arm.

"Say, what's the matter with this game here? Don't nobody catch anything here? This game is as crooked as anything I ever seen. I've been spending my dough here again and again. And getting nutting in return. Damn you Chinks, swiping, swiping money all the time. Ain't you got enough already?"

The other gamblers turned and looked at Steve, then

continued to mark their tickets.

Fong, the manager of the lottery shop, said calmly, "Only last week you won over a hundred dollars here. Does that prove that we cheat our customers here? I am sure ~~that~~ that shows our fairness and honesty."

But Steve disregarded all that Old Fong said, and continued his cursing and swearing.

"Look at this," he raged on, his face livid, "I spent almost two dollars a day on this damn lottery, two dollars a day, enough to feed me for a long time, and what do I get in return, nutting, but a bunch of papers punched full of holes, huh, two dollar for that stuff!"

He crunched the tickets in his hands, and threw them into the ^Nburning fire. The other customers said nothing, marking their tickets in absolute silence.

An elderly gentleman said to Steve, "I've been playing this game for fifteen years, and believe me this is the squarest game anyone could play. I've never been cheated once. I know Fong here for ten years, and he is the most honest man I've ever known. Fong is square, and he plays fair with everyone. Sometimes, of course, you luck is bad, but you can't help that. Everyone has bad luck once in awhile."

"Hell with bad luck," Steve raged on, "this God damn business is nutting more than to get money away from us, nutting more. They're crooked, everyone, the sonavabitchs."

The rain up above thundered down loudly on the glass on the roof. But everyone inside felt contented, feeling warm and comfortable, sheltered from the rain.

Disgruntled, but contrary to what he wished to do, Steve picked up a Chinese brush, and marked a ten cents ten spots ticket in the Fook Tai company. He gave a dollar to Fong, and Fong gave him back ninety cents change, and also a duplicate of the ticket.

Steve went outside, the downpour of rain came down with renewed strength, cutting in sharp bladeliike sharpness across the windy air. The water dripped down the gutters. The stfeets were deserted except for a person here and there.

Steve stopped at a grocery store, and brought a bottle of milk, a small loaf of bread, a piece of butter. He walked down Harrison Street, turned down the block and went home.

The dog jumped up, ^{recognizing} ~~recognizing~~ Steve's footsteps. Steve came in, took off his wet coat, wiped his hands and face dry, and started a little gas to heat some hot water.

The weather seemed to have suddenly gone cold. Steve got up from where he was sitting, went to the window, and looked out into the dreary city. He saw the cold waters of the estuary, the boats standing silently, calling, the waters black as ink, swirling like a whirlpool. The wind blew into Steve's face, cool and windy. A heavy gust of wind blew suddenly with renewed strength, the gust coming into the room through the broken pane.

Steve stared into the dark room. "If I don't win anything I'm going to do that again." He wondered if Old Fong knew about him, maybe not. Fong couldn't have known about him. But Old Fong was a smart man, and perhaps his trick would not work on him, but he was going to try it anyway.

The rain began to leak down the cracks of the old broken roof, but Steve paid no attention to it. He was busily figuring out a plan to fool those darn Chinks. Tonight was the night to do it, he couldn't wait any longer.

"Damn it all, I'm going to do it tonight, right now!"

The dog pricked up its ears, the tone of Steve's voice exciting it to look at Steve.

Steve mumbled, "Should I use the same plan that I used to cheat the man on Clay Street? No, that wouldn't do with Fong." Steve sat down on his chair, deep in concentration, working out a fool proof method to outwit Old Fong. He had to try something different, something unique.

He got up, and went to a small closet, took out a little black sack, and opened it. Everything that he required was there, the ink remover, the brush.

Pete, the dog, went to the corner and dozed. Steve lay on his bed, thinking hard, imagining to himself if the plan would work or not. The time passed, the rain continued, and soon it was ten o'clock.

"Time to go now." The dog tried to follow Steve.

"You stay in, Pete." The dog obeyed, and went back to the corner. Steve closed the door, and went out in the rain again.

Once more, Steve went down the familiar wet streets to Chinatown. The rain was really pouring down now, cutting into Steve's face with fury.

Steve neared the gambling house. A man was outside passing out the night drawings to the lottery gamblers. Steve got one, and went quickly back home, completely drenched when he got back.

He went to ^{the} kitchen, got a match, and lighted the coal oil stove to dry himself. Steve reached into his wet pocket, and got out the night drawing. He turned quickly until he reached the Fook Tai drawing, and discovered that he only won five spots. That was not enough to get him into the money class.

Then the idea that Steve needed came rushing like a torrent into his head. All he had to do was to change five of the ~~spots~~ ^{spots} to somewhere else in the ticket, and in that way he could make himself win more than he should. He shifted the whole five spots down to the lower column, thus making himself winning an eight spot instead of a ten cents five. Ninety-nine dollars! Steve felt a glowing feeling running up his cold back. Ninety-nine dollars!

Slowly, with very steady fingers, he opened the bottle of white liquid, and a strong medicinal odor ejected from it. He dipped a thin glass rod into the liquid, and began to wash off five of the ten spots very carefully. The black Chinese ink came off miraculously, disappearing into nowhere. There was a slight wash ^{ed} off impression on the lottery ticket. But that did not worry Steve at all. He knew that when the paper dried, then that color would disappear, and no one would know the difference at all.

Steve had worked all over the country, cheating one damn Chink after another, and he had gotten away every single time. When things get too hot, he scrambled, and away to another city to try his ~~illegitimate~~ illegitimate trade all over.

"Those Chins, just fools, caught at their own game," he laughed sarcastically, holding up the lottery ticket against

the light, to see if the washed out affect was still there.

It was. Perhaps Old Fong would not notice it, Steve thought.

"See, Pete?" he addressed the dog, "we're going to have dough again. And believe me, we're going to have plenty of jack, plenty." The dog wagged its tail enthusiastically.

It was a very fortunate thing that the ticket was marked with the blue-black ink. Steve could duplicate that perfectly.

Steve talked to the dog again.

"You know, Bete, you got to be careful in this sort of thing. Yeah, you got to very careful too. Those Chinks are very clever, ah, but I'm more clever. I fool 'em all."

The lottery ticket was dry now, and Steve dipped the old Chinese brush into a bottle of blue ink, and brushed on five spots which he already had removed. Three of the five spots were winners, so Steve had an eight. The ink matched perfectly, and the brushings of the spots were identical to that of Old Fong.

"Boy, that sure was one neat job." Steve admired at his own ingenuity, his cleverness. Steve took off his clothes, darkened the coal oil stove and went to bed.

The rain swept onwards, and the wind blew again, but Steve was contented for tomorrow he would be rolling in dough. Ninety-nine dollars! Boy, that sure is some money!

II

The next morning dawned grey and dull, although the rain

had stopped already. Steve got up slowly, lighted his stove, and in five minutes the room was warm. He got up slowly, and heated some hot water. He cut the loaf of bread which he brought yesterday, and gave some to the dog.

Steve went to the window, looked down and saw the wet streets. The dark ~~#####~~^{clouds} threatened to rain again. Steve decided to go down to the gambling house in the morning. It was not crowded like the afternoon. After breakfast Steve went out. The streets were still wet with the recent rain, but most of the puddles of brown dirty⁺ water was gone. Steve walked down Webster Street. He saw a policeman standing on the corner of Seventh Street. But it did not matter. They were all bribed.

Steve entered Old Fong's lottery shop, laughing.

"Golly, I was lucky last night. I won a ten cents eight spot."

Old Fong looked up from where he was sitting, "Eight spot?"

"Yeah, a ten cents eight. In the Fook Tai Company, you know, the ten cents ticket that I played yesterday night."

Fong sat there amazed, puzzled.

"Are you sure you won an eight?" Fong demanded. "If I remember, I think it was a five spots. I checked all the tickets this morning, and there were a few sevens, and some fives and sixes. But no eight spots, I am sure."

Steve came forward.

"Say what's this. I won an eight spots, and I have my duplicate to prove it." He handed the ticket to Old Fong.

Fong compared the duplicate with the original ticket.

"We have no such ticket here. We have the ticket you played last night, but it is not this one here."

Steve acted mad.

"Listen here, you can't cheat me. You pay me the money now, or I'll cost you a lot of trouble. I'll close everyone of your stinking joints, everyone of 'em. I played a ticket here, and I won some money. You won't pay me. I get the cops down here, and you will have to pay more in the end than what you have to pay me now." Steve stopped ~~#####~~ abruptly.

"Wait just a minute," Old Fong said, "there's no use getting heated up over some misunderstanding. The fact remains that you did not play the ticket here, or if you did, it was not this ticket. Evidently, this duplicate has been changed or tempered with, and we cannot ^{you} for it. Five of the spots have been changed down to the lower column."

Steve's face became a livid black.

"All right," he said loudly, "so that's your way of cheating. I played this ticket here, and I'm going to collect every single cent coming to me, even if I have to break down this whole damntown. I'll make so much trouble that you would be sorry in the end that you did not pay me. You will lose many times the amount you should have paid me. You cheated me and you know it. Now you ~~eye~~ go as far as to say that I have changed ^{the} ~~to~~ ticket, and come to cheat you. I'm going to collect every single cent. Are you going to pay or not?"

The calm Mr. Fong suddenly flared into flaming anger.

"I know that you played a ticket here. That ticket

had been changed, by whom, I do not know. But it has been changed! Five of the ten spots have been moved down to the lower column. We have always play^{ed} fair with our customers. We never have a scandal in this shop before, and no one has ever said that we cheated them. You are the very first to say such a thing. Here," Fong pointed to the other men in the room, "everyone has been playing here for a long period of time, and everyone ~~knows~~^{knows} me and ~~trusts~~^{trusts} me, and you can ask any of them and see if I even think of cheating them."

The other men ~~nodded~~ nodded their head, and mumbled something, but Steve paid no attention to them.

"Huh, what do these guys know about lottery tickets. I played 'em longer than anyone of 'em, about twenty-five years. That's why I know they're crooked, those damn tickets. I'm giving you another chance. Are you going to pay or not?"

Fong said definitely, "I certainly am not."

Steve gazed at him.

"All right then. I blow this God damn town to pieces. This rotten damn town. You'll be sorry for this, you will be."

Steve went rushing out of the room, cursing, swearing.

Old Fong sat there, silent. He called his partner in and said, "We got to do something about thatman. We can't let him go away like this. He ought to be arrested for causing trouble."

Kee, the partner said, "That would never do. After all, we are in this business, and it is against the law. We should try to settle this thing with the least possible trouble. That is the best way."

"But we cannot pay him the money," Fong state emphatically. "You let those people get away with it once they'd do it every time."

Fong said to Kee, "Do you think Steve did it? It was a very clever trick."

One of the customers stated, "I heard that down at Tom's lottery ^{shop} they had a man who cheated them of almost two hundred dollars. And was Tom burned up? He paid the man because the man scared him that he was going to cause a lot of trouble."

"Tell me," Fong addressed the customer, "do you know who the man might be?"

"I never saw him, but I heard that he was a heavy man, that that he had a red face, and that he always makes trouble here and there."

"That description just fits Steve!" Old Fong ejaculated. "A man just tried the same thing here," Fong told the customer, "he just ^{left} ~~left~~ before you came in. But he's not going to get away with it here!"

Kee, the partner said, "Steve is the sort of person who would go through with what he stated. He is bad business."

Fong replied, "But we can't just pay him the money. He would do it again and again, once he gets away with it. We got to fight this out to the bitter end."

Mike reached home, still heated by the recent argument.

"I got those Chinks scared stiff," he mumbled. "They come through with the dough vâry quick." He laughed loudly and was pleased with himself that he had put one over on the lottery men.

Steve reached his humble home, and went inside. He sat down on the stool and thought for a long while. With the other men it was easy, they paid whenever he asked for the money. But Fong was shrewd, very quick to detect anything suspicious. So far, Fong was the only one who had opposed him, the only one who refused to pay.

"He's only bluffing, I go to that place tomorrow and they pay every darn cent coming to me!"

The day wore on, and in the coming of the night, the rain came again. From his window Steve saw the lonely freight cars standing like lost echoes in his dreams. They were once his home, and he roamed around the country in them. If things get too hot here, he'd have to hop on one of those trains and scramed to another city.

Night came. And the rain stopped. A chill wind blew in from the estuary, and occasionally the horn of a passing steamer could be heard. The steamers passed so closely that at times Steve could see the faint images of shadows moving back and forth on board.

From his window he used to look over the dreary city, especially at night. Then he could see the ships and the moving lights, sometimes the reflection of the moon on the water. And sitting there he got the feeling of wishing to be on the move. He was impatient, the sight of the ships and trains made him wish to travel to far away lands, to distant ports. And yet he refrained from doing it. He was new in this town yet, and still nobody had got wise of him and his illicit trade of cheating people.

The first day that he arrived in town, he got in touch

with the lottery shops. And on his first day of luck, he won at Old Fong's place.

That was enough to keep him going, and his money floated *away* like water. That gal up at Franklin Street was sure a honey. She was the prettiest thing he saw since he left Chicago.

However, night was descending, and soon the darkness hid the water and the ships, but the sounds of the horns seemed like a voice calling from out of the darkness, a lonely, wailing call.

Steve felt a loneliness creeping over him. He could not help it. He had felt it many times, but tonight he felt it surging in him. He got up and put on his coat.

He headed toward those gals at that place. They would cheer him up. Steve walked faster. The dark night threatened to rain.

III

The next morning Steve woke up tired and exhausted. He stretched himself. He did not get home till late last night. That gal sure was a honey.

He heated some hot water, and washed himself clean. He ate the last morsel of food in the house. After eating he went down to Old Fong's lottery shop again, this time very sure and definite that he was going to get his money.

Old Fong glanced up when he saw Steve enter. He did not say anything, busily marking tickets. There were many customers in the shop, and Mike knew that this was a good opportunity to make a scene.

"Well," Steve commenced, "are you going to pay today?"

Old Fong answered with a final tone, "We told you last night that we were not going to pay, and that is final!"

"I'm warning you now," Steve said, "if you do not pay now, it will be too late to regret your actions."

Old Fong's mouth twinkled, "Do you know that you could be arrested for blackmail, and for obtaining money under false pretenses?"

Steve yelled back, "You can be arrested for running a lottery shop. That's against the law, and beside, I won my ticket fair and square. You don't dare make trouble to me!"

Fong said calmly, "Will you please step into the other room?"

Immediately a suspicious expression came into Steve's face. Old Fong was up to something, he knew. He hesitated.

Fong noticed Steve's hesitation. He said again, "Will you come into the other room?"

This time Steve did what was told, although he was on the lookout for anything that might happen. They entered into an empty room, and Old Fong motioned him to a seat.

"Listen here," Old Fong began, "I don't wish to have any trouble with you. You are a new customer here, and I don't know you very well. Now, there is a slight possibility that we might have made a mistake. In order not to have any trouble again, I will pay you out of my own pocket one half of what you won. That is a very fair amount, since we have no record that you played the ticket here. If you are willing to accept that, then we will consider the matter settled, and I hope that in the future nothing like this would ever happen again."

Steve smiled secretly to himself. He got that Chink scared stiff. He got up, and went close toward Fong.

"You pay me every cent that is coming to me!"

Fong was a little startled by this sudden burst of talk. He was so certain that Steve would accept what he had to offer. Steve had refused. Fong thought, I would fight to the very end.

"All right, if that's the way you feel. We have been more than reasonable with you. We hope, rather foolishly I suppose, that you would accept, even though we should not pay one cent. It is because we do not wish to have trouble that we offer what we did. But since you refused we know now that you have deliberately cheated us, and are trying to take advantage of us. But we are willing to fight to the very end!"

"I will fight to the very end, and I will ^{be} the winner."

Steve went out of the room, raging mad.

Fong was worried. He said to Kee, "Perhaps we should have paid him the full amount. The troubles he caused would cost us many times more the amount."

"Right or wrong, we should not pay him, not now."

But Fong shook his head, worried that Steve meant what he said. He knew how things like this developed. He could not afford a raid from the police now, being all tied up ^{financial} in ~~#####~~ difficulties.

That evening the policeman who worked on the night shift knocked at Fong's shop. He said, "There's a letter sent up to the city hall today by an unknown person. You better look out tomorrow. They're coming tomorrow to get you. Keep ~~your~~ eye open." Fong listened in silence.

He gave the policeman two cigars, thanking him for the tip. Tomorrow he must look out. He cannot afford a raid now.

IV

Old Fong said to the lookout man, "Be careful this morning, and be sure to keep careful watch all day. We are expecting a raid today."

Chung said, "I will be careful." He ~~###~~ tried the police signal to see if it worked. It did.

"Ring the bell quick when you see any suspicious looking characters or plain clothes men," Fong stated.

The morning and afternoon passed away without any disturbances ^{or} ~~##~~ trouble. And the evening came quickly. All day and evening Chung sat at the window, but nothing happened, although he kept a close watch for police and plain clothes men. After five in the evening Old Fong felt a little relieved. He was safe for the evening. The cops usually come before five, and if after that time they did not come, they won't come.

The lookout man felt safe too. Nevertheless he kept his vigil guard on the place. Sometimes those flat-footed cops were smart enough to spring a surprise, like the one they did on Franklin Street. Chung knew that trouble was brewing.

Another man came to relieve Chung at the evening meal. After dinner Chung took his place at the window again. He took out his cigarette, and lit it with a match. He smoked secure, leisurely, confident that ~~nothing~~ was going to happen for the night.

Suddenly a green car with a square E stopped. A group of plain clothes men, with two cops, jumped down from there, and rushed into Old Fong's lottery shop. Chung, the lookout man, was too slow to see the car. The heavy hammer smashed against the heavy wooden door, splitting the wood into small splinters. The policemen rushed in, and Chung pressed the police button with a rapid movement, so as not to catch the attention of the police. But one of the police saw him.

"Hey, you," the police yelled at Chung, "what're you doing?"

Chung answered, "Why, nothing."

The police came forward, felt the button and said to the chief, "Here, inspector, I saw this man pushed the button here."

The inspector said to Chung, "Tell them to open the door or we will smash it down."

Chung said, "But there's no one in there. It's the truth, there's no one in there."

The inspector instructed his men, "Smash it down!"

The heavy hammer threw itself against the heavy double door. It remained invincible. The smashing of the door continued for a few minutes, but it remained unmoved.

"Smash the walls," the inspector directed his men.

The wall gave way after two heavy strokes from the strong hammer. The inside of the gambling room was completely deserted, no one was there, and the lottery tickets were hidden away.

The policemen were baffled with it all. They were sure that there were people inside. The police searched everywhere, but unable to locate any clues or people.

One of the plain clothes men finally located a marked ticket, hidden under a box in the kitchen. The police poured water over the lottery blanks, ruining them completely.

Chung was arrested and was charged with possession of lottery tickets. After Chung and the police left, Old Fong and the group of men came out of the secret room in the wall where they hid themselves while the police were searching the place.

One of the customers said, "Gee, that was a close call!"

Another man said in a shaky voice, "I'm glad I'm not caught. If my wife knew this..." he did not finish.

The tables in the room were smashed beyond repair. The heavy lock in the door was twisted around. The door was off its hinges. It would take about thirty dollars to repair the damages. And Chung would be fine thirty dollars. Sixty dollars lost. Old Fong shook his head.

Four hours later Chung came out from jail on a hundred dollar bail bond.

"We are lucky to get away with a charge of possession," Fong said to the ^{lookout} ~~four~~ man when he came back.

"You barely got away in time," Chung stated, "otherwise all of you will be caught, and a charge of operating a lottery business directed against us."

"How much do you think we would be fine?"

"About twenty-five or thirty dollars."

"I never thought that Steve would go through with what he said. I thought he was only bluffing."

That night the night policeman told Fong, "You better move to another location. Things are hot right now."

"The lieutenant and the captain ~~are~~ coming down tomorrow. Better keep your eyes open, and take down that heavy door."

A troubled expression clouded Fong's face.

"But I'll lose a lot of business moving somewhere else. The customers won't go there."

"But I'm warning you," the policeman said.

"I guess I have to move then," Fong said.

"And if everything quiets down, you can move back here."

Fong nodded. He wished now that he had paid Steve the money, and thus avoided all this trouble. But it was too late now.

V

"And you take the red ink box," Fong told Chung the next morning as they prepared to move to the new location across the street.

Kee gathered up the heavy stack of lottery tickets and carried two chairs in one arm.

"You go over and take care of the customers first," Fong addressed Chung.

Old Fong cut off square pieces of paper, and wrote the address of the new place on them. He handed them to one of his employees. "Give one to each customer."

And before Fong went across the street he said, "And if any police or plain clothes men come, send some one over and inform us. Keep your eyes open."

One of the customers came into Old Fong's lottery shop.

He was handed a small slip of paper with the new address.

"Are things getting hot?" he demanded.

"We will be back in a few days," the man told him.

"Where is this new place at?"

"Just across the street around the corner."

"I don't like going to those places. I rather come back here."

"We will be back in a few days."

The man ^{went} across the street to the new location.

In the afternoon the green car with the square E stopped at Old Fong's lottery shop. The police and plain clothes men came in and searched all over the place, but were unable to find anything.

The inspector knocked all along the wall for secret rooms. He didn't get any success.

Before he left he said, "You better stop all this. If we come in and find anything here, we will arrest everyone of you."

Wong, the man who took care of the shop, answered, "No more here. No more."

The police left.

Brown walked up and down the room.

"We'll put this thing over, and Fong'd pay you every cent that's coming to you," Brown said.

Steve listened in silence, smoking his cigarette.

"Sure, it's a cinch," he answered.

"We got him scared now. The rest is to go there and collect. Fong'd pay. The police raided him once. He's willing to pay to avoid any more trouble."

Steve got up, brisked off the cigarette ash from his cigarette with his fingers.

"I'm going down there this evening and collect. If Fong don't pay, I'll ^{cause} ~~cost~~ more trouble until he'll pay."

"You bet," Brown said, "just keep at him and he'll give over soon."

Steve took out another cigarette and lighted it.

"And remember everything I told you," Brown said.

"I will," Steve said.

In the evening Steve went down to Old Fong's shop, and there was no one there.

"I wish to see Fong," he told Wong.

Wong regarded Steve with an intense gaze. "Fong not here," Wong said.

Just at that very moment Fong entered the shop. He stopped when he saw Steve there.

"I come to get my money," Steve said.

For a moment Fong remained quiet then he said, "I told you already that I won't pay."

Steve looked at Fong. "Your place has been raided once. If you don't pay now, you'll be raided again and again."

"You have already caused so much trouble, and yet you dare come back and get money from me. It's plain blackmail!"

"The money is coming to me, and I do everything in my power to get it."

Then Steve thought for awhile. "I got a lawyer, and he'll take care of everything for me. You either pay me or

else I'll cause a great deal of trouble."

"I don't care what you're going to do. You have already caused enough trouble to us already. We will be extremely foolish if we pay you anything now," Fong stated emphatically.

Steve said again with conviction, "I got a lawyer and I 'm going to collect."

Without knowing what he was saying Fong stated, "Go ahead and collect then!"

Steve left with a bitter smile on his lips.

did
"Well, how [^]it turn out," Brown demanded, smoking a big black cigar.

"Not so good."

"Fong opposed, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Tell him about the lawyer?"

"Sure."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Try and collect.'"

"He did?"

"Yeah."

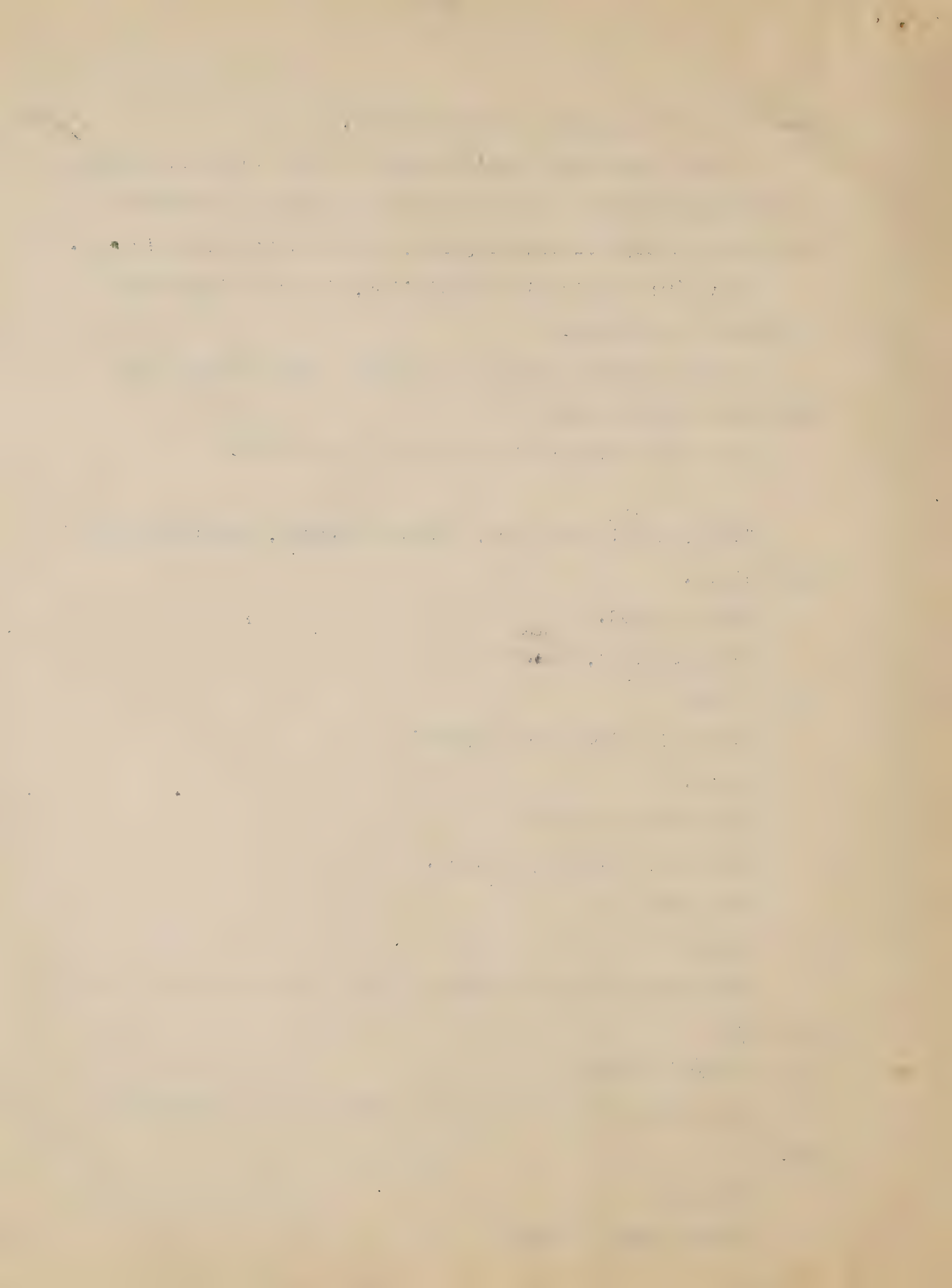
"You just keep on frightening him. He'll pay over in the end."

"I don't know."

"Just keep on giving him the lawyer gag. That'll get him."

"Maybe."

"Whatya mean, maybe."



"You know what it mean if we get caught?"

"But we won't get caught, not by those dumb Chinks anyway," Brown said.

"We better not be."

VI

The inspector of police watched from over the street, hidden behind a heavy curtain in the car.

"I guess that's the place," he said.

"That's the right address," another police told him.

They watched for ten minutes.

"We'll rush in in five minutes," the inspector said, "and this time we will catch plenty of people."

In five minutes the inspector with a group of police rushed into Fong's new lottery shop. It was a surprise move, calculated and exact, that everyone was caught as in a gust of heavy wind. The lookout man did not have a chance to press the police button.

There was no one outside to prevent the new customers from coming in. Old Fong felt a heavy pang in his heart.

The minutes flew by, and one man after another came into the store, unconscious that inside the police had already arrested a whole group of gamblers.

When the whole room was full the police said, "Well, I guess we got enough this time. Let's go."

He telephoned to the city hall to send two police trucks down. They arrived in five minutes.

Outside a large group of spectators gathered, watching

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and waiting to see what was going to happen.

The door of the lottery shop opened. Two large police came out, followed by two plain clothes men. One of them was carrying a large heavy black hammer in his hands. Then two more police carried out a shattered door, struck with the heavy black hammer.

Fong and Kee came out next, followed by ten or twelve men, all caught in the raid.

The two cars ^{were} ~~was~~ filled up, and speeded away into the distance. The spectators scattered. The raid was over.

VII

"We got to think of a way to get rid of that man. If we don't he'll cause one trouble after another." Fong paced up and down the room, ^{with} worry very evident in his face.

Kee sat there, silent, not knowing what to say.

"And it was Steve who wrote that letter up to the city hall. He didn't sign it, but who else could it have been? No one would do a thing like that, not even my own personal enemies."

"Maybe it's a good idea if we could ^{get} someone and give Steve a terrible beating. That would ought to teach him a lesson," Kee suggested.

"That won't do at all," Fong said, "not with those white folks. Maybe we can get away with a thing like that with members of our own race, but not with no white man."

Kee remained silent.

"But we can't go on like this any longer. Steve would bother us no matter where we move to. He'll be following us around everywhere we go."

"After all this trouble that he caused us, we can't let him have the money."

"Things are really bad," Kee said.

"My lawyer is going to sue unless you pay me within two days," Steve said to Fong that afternoon.

Old Fong answered hurriedly, "My lawyer is going to sue too." Fong didn't realize what he had said, but it slipped out of his mouth.

Steve put his foot on a chair. "I'm warning you now. You better pay, and pay quick too."

Fong said, "You already have caused enough trouble. I lost over two hundred dollars because of disturbances by the police. Do you think I am as foolish as to be crazy enough to pay money now!"

"You pay me within two days. If you don't, you'll be sorry."

Steve left the shop, and slammed the door shut loudly.

VIII

Old Fong could not go back to the new location, it was found out by the police. He could not open his old place. The police came there too often, often two three times in a day. Fong was in trouble, and he did not know what to do. Confusion clouded his mind, and a deep hatred grew in

of course, it was not this which was of value in itself
but the fact that it was a new and different kind of

"new" thing.

It was not, however, a new thing in the sense that

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his heart toward Steve.

Steve had deliberately tried to cheat him, and there was nothing that Fong could do to stop him. He realized that he was in no opportune position to cause any real trouble to Steve, while Steve, on the other hand, could do whatever he wished.

There was no other places to move to. Most of them were too far from Chinatown to suit Fong's needs, and he decided to close the shop for three days. Perhaps in that time the police would not come so often, and forget about his place.

Two days after Steve delivered his threat he appeared at Old Fong's shop again, this time very sure that Old Fong would give over to him.

Steve entered the shop. "The two days are up," he commenced, "and I've come to collect."

Fong said nothing for a minute.

Then he said, "Listen, Steve, you have caused a great deal of trouble, and what does it get you? Nothing. You gained nothing by your continuous disturbances here. I just can't pay you anything, not after what you have done. Why don't you forget about the whole and leave me alone. I already lost close to four or five hundred dollars."

Steve laughed bitterly, "You should have pay me the ninety odd dollars in the first place. That's what you get for trying to cheat other people."

Fong realized how hopeless it was to talk to Steve.

The two were silent for awhile.

"But there is absolutely nothing that I can do," Fong said in finality.

Finally Steve said, "I tell you what I do. You give me one half of the amount, and I call the whole thing settled."

"I can't even settle for one half," Fong said. "I've lost so much trouble that I don't even know what to do."

"Twenty-five dollar then."

"Not even that."

"My lawyer is going to cause trouble."

"You have no lawyer, and you know ^{it.} ~~##~~."

Steve stood around, unable to say anything.

He left and said, "I'll come back tomorrow, and you better have the money."

IX

For over a week, Steve did not appear at Old Fong's lottery shop. Kee said, "I only hope that good-for-nothing die suddenly."

"Maybe he's sick," Fong said.

"Well, let's hope he never get well."

And for many days after that Steve did not come. Fong was spared a great deal of trouble. The police dropped completely coming to the store. Fong thought of opening his lottery shop again, and he brought new furniture, and brought a new heavy door. After a few days of the opening the customers began coming back to the store again, and soon business was as usual. Nothing happened and Steve did not appear anymore.

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Fong was glad.

Then one day, two weeks after the opening of the shop Steve appeared again.

For amoment Fong could not recognize him, so thin and weak Steve appeared. Gone completely ^{were} ~~was~~ his bitterness, his fighting spirit. He seemed lost at speech.

He approached Fong slowly, "Fong, I am willing to settle now for any amout. I haven't eaten for many days. If you give me ^{some} ~~some~~ money, I will forget about the whole matter and I won't cause any more trouble."

Somehow Fong knēw, He knew that Steve was telling the truth this time. Anger flared in him, then died down. He couldn't forget about the trouble that Steve had caused him.

Fong said calmly, "You know you caused us a lot of trouble, and I have lost a great deal of money. In all justification I should have thrown you out into the streets. But if you ~~are~~ willing not to come here anymore, and are willing to ~~##~~ ^{from} refrain ~~for~~ causing anymore trouble, then I am willing to give you five dollars. This is my final word."

Steve said, "Give it to me. I won't cause anymore trouble."

But before he gave the money to Steve, Fong asked for Steve's address. Steve gave it, and Fong gave him the money.

That night Steve stood near his window, and he heard the horn of a passing ship. A new loneliness crept over him, and he looked out into the pitch black darkness, and was competely and sadly lonely.

He held the five dollars bill in his hand, and looked out into the dreary city below. Loneliness crept all over him.

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bamboo-pole she beat and struck the bed, saying finally, "Well, I have got rid of you." Then she cleared her husband's eyes and mind and he told her all that he had seen. She evaded his questions and explained until she was satisfied that she had allayed his suspicions, and things went on as usual.

But he was soon to be upset again, for one day as he went about his work, he met one of the temple priests. Said the priest to him, "I see a phantom chasing and following you. And do you know who this phantom is? I will tell you. It is your wife."

"But that cannot be," replied the herbalist, "for my wife is a young and lovely woman."

"She is not a woman at all. She is a snake. Now, take this powerful glass that I possess and tonight when your wife is asleep, look through it and peer into her eyes and you will see for yourself. But do not let her see you with the glass because if she does, she will kill you at once." Such were the instructions of the priest.

The husband now called to mind the strange incident which had befallen him on his return from his long journey and he pondered over it greatly. He did not wish to believe the priest. That night, however, he followed the priest's instructions and looked through the glass into the eyes of his wife and, indeed, he did see reflected there the image of the snake, the very snake that he had seen on the bed. Then, truly, he knew that he was married to a female snake who possessed the power of changing herself from a snake to a woman and back to a snake again. He returned the glass to the priest and informed him that what he had told him was right.

Naturally his attitude toward his wife changed considerably after this, and the wife noticing it, asked what was the trouble. So, gathering his courage, the herbalist explained to her that he now knew the truth--that he was married to a phantom, to a snake and not to a woman.

"Who told you? How do you know?" the wife asked.

"A priest of Gum Saru temple told it to me," the husband replied. The angry wife thereupon determined to make trouble for the priests at the temple and so called on her magic power to cause a great flood to arise. It roared and rushed at the temple door. But the priests too, were possessed of magic power. They hung a cloak on the door so that the waters could not enter the temple. Thus did the battle of skill go on. No matter what the wife commanded her magic to do, the priests proved that they possessed more power and all her efforts were of no avail.

In the meantime, however, the husband became very ill. No medicine he took seemed to cure him, so he went to the priests to ask for aid. "There is a certain kind of grass that will cure you," one of them told him, "but since it can be obtained only in the kingdom of heaven it is impossible for you to get it."

But when the wife heard about the grass she used her magic power and went into the kingdom of heaven and obtained the grass and so cured her husband. Soon after this the wife gave birth to a son, a normal human child who showed no traits whatsoever of a snake.

Finally, however, the priests determined to call forth their utmost power, and they captured the snake and took her back to the pagoda in the distant hills. They put a mark on the door so that she

could not get outside. Then they spoke to the husband and said, "When your son is sixteen and has made a name for himself, he is to go to the pagoda and release his mother."

And so the years went by one after the other, some slowly and some fast, as they have a way of doing, and at last the boy was sixteen and was ready to go to the pagoda in the distant hills to free his mother. There he stood in front of it and wept. At last the boy found his mother and recognized her as a snake phantom...

"And do you mean to tell me that this is how the story ends?" I asked.

"Yes, this is how the story ends," the narrator answered. "What do you wish? To know whether the mother came out of her pagoda or not? This I cannot tell you. All I know is what I have told you. It is exactly as it was told to me and that is why I am telling it to you in this way."

THE GHOST WIFE

One day a beautiful young girl passed by the house of a rich lord, carrying in her arms a large basket of fruit. When she came near the house, she stopped, looked around her, her eyes filled with tears, and then, bowing her head low, she walked slowly away. The young lord, who was studying in his library, looked out of the window and, seeing her, was curious about the silent young girl who was apparently so full of fear.

On the second day he saw her again. As she reached the house of the young lord, she looked around her, her eyes full of grief and sadness, and then, as before, she went along her way, silent and mysterious. The young lord was more curious and puzzled. "Why is it," he said to himself, "that this young maid passes by my study each day with that sad look on her face: Can it be that she is frightened by something, that she is in danger?"

The more he thought of her, the more he wished to solve the mystery of the girl. He said to himself, "When she comes by my study tomorrow morning, I shall question her and then I shall find out." The next morning, at the usual hour, she came again, carrying her basket of fruits, and gazed around her with the frightened look that had aroused the curiosity of the young lord. She passed by the house and, at the moment when she was about to pass out of sight, the young lord came out of his study and approached her. He saw that she was fair, not outstandingly beautiful, but pretty in a girlish way. Taking hold of

her hands, he said to her, "I have watched you now for three mornings. For three mornings you have passed by my house and each time you have looked frightened and fearful. Tell me, of what are you afraid? Do tell me, for I can help you." When the girl heard this, she looked up into the face of the young lord, and seeing that he was kind, broke out crying and sobbing and for many moments was unable to control herself. When, at last, her outpouring of grief had ceased and she was somewhat calmed, the lord said, "Tell me now, for I can tell by your bitter weeping that you are in great suffering." To this the girl then made reply, "It is true that I am in great trouble. I have suffered all the abuse and all the beating that I can. I can endure no more. I am but a lonely girl working in the house of a rich lord and mistress. Since my parents sold me as a slave during the year of the great famine, I have known nothing but the torture of hard labor. My lord and mistress beat me constantly. No matter how hard I try to please them, they are never satisfied with my services. Lately they have been beating me oftener than usual, and I do not know what to do." Then the girl, as she finished speaking, broke out crying anew, and the young lord, deeply moved by her troubles, spoke to her as follows: "You cannot go back to the house of your lord and mistress. It would be better for you to stay in my study a while and make it your home, and I shall try to figure out what I can do to help you."

The girl, when she heard this, was at first quite unwilling to accept his offer but then, thinking again of the cruel treatment she had suffered in the house of her present lord and mistress, she finally

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acceded and addressed the young lord as follows: "There is nothing that I can do now but accept your offer and stay. I do not know how to repay you for your kindness." To this the young lord answered, "This is not my home, but a place where I study in my leisure time. Why do you not live here, you to be a wife to me and I, a husband to you?" The young girl was silent. However, rather than return to her life as a slave, she answered, "If you so wish, then let it be."

For one long month, so it seemed to her, she was in heaven. She was showered with adoration and affection, and she forgot that once she was a slave who had worked and sweated in the heat of a kitchen stove.

But this happiness was not to last long, for after he had been living with this girl for about a month, the young lord began to fall ill and, as the days went by, his face became more and more yellow until it was the color of that of a corpse. His flesh began to rot until he was nothing but bones. And he was utterly unable to understand the cause of the strange ailment that was afflicting him, for never before had he been sick.

Then one day while he was walking along the road, he came across an old man, and the old man on seeing him, stopped suddenly. "It is an evil thing that you have done," the old man said. "Now you are paying the heavy price of your infidelity to your real wife." Frightened, the young lord stared at the man. He pondered to himself, "How could such a man know that I have two wives? Is it possible that he is a man of wisdom?" So he turned to question the old man, but the old one was gone.

On his way to his study the young lord began to wonder to himself. "What evil have I done? Is it that I am living with this girl and my wife does not know about it?" Then like a sudden stroke of lightning a thought rushed upon him. "Is it that this girl with whom I am living is an evil spirit?" More and more this thought took hold of him and as he came nearer to his study, he had a feeling that his suspicions were correct and that the girl was indeed a person of evil and mystery. As if to prove that his uncanny instinct was right, he found, on his arrival, that the outside door was barred. A cold fear gripped him as he remembered what the old man he had met on the road had told him.

Now he had come to his study many times before to find the door barred, but he had paid no attention to it as he had not been suspicious of his young wife. Now he did not knock as he had done before. Instead, he walked softly around the house until he reached the window of his chamber and there, hidden in the shadows of a large tree, he peered in. What he saw sent cold blood tingling through his body. A monstrous creature stood naked in the middle of the room, with long white hair streaming down her shoulders and reaching to the floor. Sharp teeth projected from her mouth and large hollow eyes, horrible to behold, emitted a steady glow of burning fire. Thin sharp nails shot forth from her fingertips like blades of steel.

Mute with indescribable horror, the young lord gazed and gazed, unable to believe that what he saw was real. Then the monster dipped a heavy pencil in a pot of ink and with it began to paint the features

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of a human being on a piece of human skin. While the young lord looked, cold with sweat, upon this awful scene, he saw the creature pick up the painted human hide, deftly stretch it with clutching fingers, and slip it over her body, to which it fitted as neatly as a rubber glove. And then what, but a moment before had been a hideous creature, became the naked body of a young girl.

Too aghast to speak, and too perplexed even to believe what he had just witnessed, the young lord quickly left the house to search for the old man he had encountered on the road. At last he found him, and breathless, for he had wandered over all the village roads to seek him, he said, "Alas, O wise one, it is only too true what you have told me. My young wife is indeed a wild, evil creature. I have just found that out. You must aid me in whatever way you can to get rid of her." Thus did he plead and beg the wise one to help him.

When the old one saw the fear and horror written on the face of the young lord, he said kindly, "I am not certain that my power is really strong enough to overcome that which the monster possesses, but I shall do my best. Tonight do not go back to your study to see her but, instead, go and sleep with your first wife in your other true home. I shall give you some magic words written on special paper and these you are to paste on your door. I shall also give you a magic wand made of many horse-tails. This you must hang in your room. But you must realize, however, that I do not say that what I am giving you will work. All you can do is to follow my instructions and hope for the best."

The young lord was so horrified at the wild scene he had witnessed in his chamber that he answered quickly, "No matter now, give me the

words and the wand, and I shall do everything you tell me." So the wise one took out many pieces of special paper, and on them painted words which had power to frighten ghosts and evil spirits and drive them away. Then he made a wand of many horse-tails, and when at last he was finished, he gave them to the young lord. Before leaving, the latter said, "In case I should wish to see you, how can I find you?" The old one answered, "Go to the temple down the road and there I shall be whenever you need me."

The young lord hurried back to his home, far away from his study. As he entered his house, greatly troubled, his wife saw him and asked, worried, "You seem to have some trouble on your mind. What may it be?" Now all the time that he had been staying with his girl-wife, the young lord had not told his wife of what he was doing, but now, in this moment of terror, he freely confessed all to her. The wife listened attentively to all that was told and when at last he had finished talking, she said calmly, "But it is too fantastic to believe. You say a female monster?" But the young husband, afraid of the terror that might be upon him as night fell, replied impatiently, "Come, we must paste these words on the door of the bedroom and hang the magic wand near the bed."

When evening came, the young lord locked all the doors in the house and went to bed early. As hour after hour passed and midnight slowly approached, he lay awake, unable to sleep, overwhelmed by a strange sensation that something was about to happen. At the precise moment of midnight, a thundering, shattering knocking on the door broke the intense silence of the night. The young lord jumped up in his bed,

listening. Then fearful that it was the female monster coming after him, he hid himself under the bed covers. As he did so, he heard the breaking of a lock and the loud sound of a heavy door slamming against the floor. Then the wife, awakened by the noise, turned to her husband, "What is all this noise outside our room? Get up and find out, for it might be a robber that has come to loot our house." The young lord, shivering with fear, answered weakly, "No, it is not that. I am sure that it is the female monster coming after me! Do go and look. I dare not venture out of this room." He looked at the end of the bed and seeing the magic wand still there, was somewhat eased in mind.

The wife, still thinking that the female creature existed only in the imagination of the young husband, approached the bedroom door and slowly opened it. To her surprise, she saw a young girl and, closing the door, said to her husband, "But it is only a girl. What great harm could she do to anyone?" And the husband, cold with fear, said in a low voice, "It is the monster then. Her girlish appearance is due to a human skin which is fitted over her monstrous body. Close the door, and when she sees the magic words there she will go away." Moving silently across the room, the wife locked the door. Frightened herself now, she crept back into bed. The house had become strangely still. No sound broke the silence. Then, without warning, the bedroom door suddenly burst open with a shrieking sound, and the hideous monster, in its original form, came rushing toward the bed. Driving blood from its mouth, its fingers stretched forward, the creature flew across the room, with its long nails ripped open the chest of the young lord

and snatched out his heart, liver and all the intestines from his body. This happened so quickly, so unexpectedly, that the wife was not aware of the horrible scene she had witnessed until she looked at the bleeding body of the dead man. Only then did the truth dawn upon her.

When at last she realized the tragedy that had befallen her, she rushed to the next house where her brother lived and there, between sobs, cried out her awful story. Listening patiently, when his sister had finished, the brother spoke to her thus: "The only thing you can do is to go to the wise one and ask him to aid you. Do you know where he lives?" And the weeping wife replied, "My husband told me that the wise one lives in a temple on the road. I shall go to him at once and try to find some way whereby my husband can be brought back to life again." The brother, seeing that it was late at night, answered, "Wait till dawn, for the night is still inky black, and little can be accomplished now." Then the weeping wife returned to her home and weeping, sat by the bedside. At last there came the hour when the sun climbed over the dark hills and it was dawn. Although completely exhausted by her uninterrupted vigil, the wife prepared herself, nevertheless, to go to the temple. She put on her mourning clothes and went out.

Straight to the temple she directed her way, her heart heavy with grief and sadness. When she came to the temple door, she approached an old one who sat outside, and asked him, "Are you, perhaps, the wise one who warned my husband of the evil that was to come to him?" And the wise one looked up at the sad face of the suffering wife, and replied, "You are the wife of this man?" "I am, and I have come to you

for aid. The magic words and wand have failed to work, and now the monster has killed my husband. I beseech, Oh wise one, do everything in your power to restore him to life again." And saying this, she broke out weeping again, wailing her sorrow into the open air. The wise one, hearing what had befallen the man, was greatly moved and said, touching the shoulders of the bereaved woman, "Cease weeping, good woman, for weeping will not bring your husband back. I shall do my best to help you."

Then did the woman cease crying and brought the wise one back to her home. Leading him into the bedchamber, she showed him the dead body of her husband. It was a ghastly sight that the wise one beheld. On the bloody bed lay the body, cut open from the throat to the stomach. The wise one shook his head, "This monster is indeed a powerful one to be able to commit a crime as gruesome as this. Perhaps there is something, however, I can do to kill it, but again, I must tell you that I am not sure whether what I am to do will work or not. That chance must be taken." Then turning to the wife who was again sobbing at the bedside, the wise one said, "I want you to make inquiries at all the houses in the neighborhood and find out if any strangers have been there these last two days. After you have found out, come back in haste and inform me at once."

So the wife then went from one house to the other, and at last came to the one near the last road in the village. She knocked at the door and asked the person opening it, "Have any strangers been here recently asking for food or work?" The old woman who had opened the door answered immediately, "Why, a young girl has just come in."

She is now in the kitchen eating." And the wife lowered her voice and said, "Speak not to anyone of what I have asked you. Act as though nothing has happened. Soon I shall be back." And she ran all the way back to her home and said to the wise one, "I have found her! Come before it is too late!" But the wise one answered, "Before I do that, there is something that I must first perform." And he asked for a glass of water. This was brought to him. Dipping a sword in the water, he wrote some magic words on a piece of cloth with it, and when he had finished he drank the water. Then he asked that another cloth be brought to him. On this he again wrote some magical words and dipped his sword in another glass of water. When he finished writing he said, "That cloth I shall burn," and he threw the cloth into a burning stove. "Now I am ready to go."

Going out of the door, he hastened to the house where the young girl was eating her rice. As he came to the door of that house, the wise one called out, "Come here, creature," and from the kitchen the young maid came forward as in a daze, and seeing the wise one, bowed down low. Raising his sword, the wise one let fall a heavy blow and instantly she vanished in smoke. When the smoke had disappeared, there lay a pile of ashes on the floor. These the wise one gathered together. Then he took out a hollow bamboo pole, closed on both ends, and opened one end of it. As if by some mysterious power the ashes were drawn into the bamboo tube. When every bit of ash was thus sucked in, the wise one sealed the tube with magic paper and said to the wife, who had been watching the scene with unbelieving eyes, "The female monster is no more now. She is dead." And the wife replied, "Yes, she is

dead. So is my man. Is there not something that you can do to bring him back to me?" And the wise one said, "I have gone to the limit of my power. That is all that I can do. However, if you want to bring your husband back to life there is one more thing you can try. There lives a man in a village far beyond here who possesses great power. It is not often that he consents to aid anyone. If you can persuade him to help you, perhaps he may be able to restore your husband to life again. I do not promise that he will do it or, in fact, that he can. I am saying simply that he might consent to try. He is a poor man, a crazy man, who sleeps in the gutters of the streets, who wears the most ragged of clothes, who decorates his head with wild flowers and sings and chants all the time as he goes along. You cannot miss him. Go then to him if you so wish; find him and tell him your story. He may help you. I have to warn you now that he may subject you to many humiliating acts. If you wish his aid, you will have to obey him and do what he tells you to do. Now, do you understand?" Without any hesitation whatsoever the wife answered, "I will go at once and I shall do whatever I am told to do. I must save my husband."

Immediately she made her way back to her home and prepared herself for the journey to the distant village. One day and one night she traveled on, and at last she came to the village where the crazy man lived. She set out at once to find him. She looked here, there and everywhere, but she could not locate him. Then one afternoon, weary and disappointed at her failure to accomplish her purpose, she heard a loud voice singing behind her, and the laughter of many of the village people. Only then did she know that at last it was he, the person

she so desired to see. She turned around and there she saw him, a tall man of wild appearance, a leering smile on his face and wild flowers in his hair. He swung his long legs as he walked, singing, waving his hands, and laughing to himself when he ceased singing.

The woman knew that he was the one she was looking for and becoming bold, although actually she was afraid of his wild ways, she approached him and said timidly, "I have come to you for aid. I have journeyed far from my own village and you must help me." The crazy man looked at the woman with a lustful stare and, breaking into a broad guffaw, shouted, "Ah, you are indeed a pretty little thing! Ha! ha!" The wife was frightened and started to run away, but remembering her dead husband, stopped and returned to the man who continued to stare at her. "I am in great trouble," she said seriously, "and you are the only one who can help me." The crazy man paid no attention at all to what she said, but stroked her breast and fondled her. "I may help you," he said at last, running his hand over her body, "and then, again, I may not." And he laughed again. The woman did not go away and endured all that the man did to her.

She pleaded with him for hours and at the end he said, "I will aid you, provided that you do three things. First, stay with me for one night and be my wife. Second, let me hold you in my arms and thus walk with you all around the village streets. Third, I will cough up a ball of blood and phlegm and you must swallow it. After you have done all this, then will I help you." Now when the wife heard what he demanded her heart sank. Far be it from her to be unfaithful to her dead husband. Yet she was willing to consent to do even this if it

would bring him back to her. The second request she knew she could do. But the third she felt she could not go through with, so she said, "I am willing to do all you ask except swallow what you cough up. To ask me to do that is demanding too much." And the crazy man said, "Well, if you do not want me to help you, go back home." And then the wife looked up at the sky and said, "The sky is my witness. I am doing this not because of my own wish but because of love of my husband. If I should die, the sky will likewise know that I have been a good wife."

Then she began to weep again. At this moment the man began to cough furiously and suddenly he spat out a big ball of blood and phlegm, and then, holding it in his hand, dripping, he said to the weeping woman, laughing all the while, "Swallow it! Eat it! Ha! ha!" And when the wife looked at this awful clot of mucus she felt sick, but then, closing her eyes, bravely she swallowed the whole thing. The crazy man laughed hysterically, and ran up the street and disappeared, guffawing with laughter. When at last he was lost to view the wife knew that she had been the victim of a jest. Completely discouraged at her failure to get the man to aid her, she made her way back to the village and when at last she had come to her home, she went into the chamber and sitting by the bedside of the dead man, cried out, "I have tried in every way to save you, O dear husband, but I have failed. Although I promised the crazy man that I would be his wife for one night, yet I did not do it. And neither did I go around the village held in his arms. But I swallowed a ball of blood and phlegm and now I am sick."



CHINESE

GUIDES

The Shanghai Refugee Committee, with offices at 451 Grant Avenue, is conducting special tours through Chinatown for a period of two weeks, which began Friday, March 11. The proceeds of these tours are being turned to the relief of the Shanghai refugee population.

OLD GUIDES PASSING

And, speaking of tours, we must begin to lament the passing of the old-time Chinatown guides who whispered of secret passageways and mysterious sights. For their passing is imminent and inevitable. And the reason is that old-time Chinatown - their Chinatown - is no more.

There are no more underground passageways and opium "dens". Outside of the gambling houses and a few other features of more or less sinister aspect, they have nothing left to show.

The place of the old-time American guides (who are licensed, and carry badges, for some inexplicable reason) is being taken by Chinese guides. These are young men, mostly college students. Chingwah Lee, a graduate of the University of California, has more than twenty student guides conducting the sightseer about Chinatown.

GUIDES STRESS CULTURE

These young guides are very careful to bring your attention to all of the cultural aspects of Chinatown - craftsman-

ship and the precepts of Confutze. But in spite of all these benefits, we think that the passing of the old-time guides is to be, in a very real sense, lamented.

And perhaps what we really mean is that we are sorry to see that yesterday's Chinatown, itself, is no more. The fire, in 1906, was the beginning of the end. Today, virtually nothing is left of underground Chinatown.

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CHINESE - 1

COUNTIES: Amador, Eldorado, Nevada, Placer, Sacramento, Sierra, Solano, Sutter, Yolo, Yuba.

1. LOCATION AND NUMBER.

The U. S. Census for 1930 gives the Chinese population of these counties in the following order: Sacramento, 2,792; Solano, 607; Placer, 405; Yuba, 259; Yolo, 251; Nevada, 106; Amador, 40; Sierra, 13; Sutter, 13; Eldorado, 12.

It will be seen that only Sacramento County has a Chinese population numbered in the thousands, or anywhere near that figure. Of the 2,792, the Census records 1,366 as being in Sacramento City. Here they center around I and J Streets, Second to Fifth, with a scattering throughout "Japantown" and isolated families in most parts of the city.

There are few towns of ~~Sacramento~~ ^{Sacramento} County that have not some Chinese. The greatest numbers after Sacramento City are found in Courtland, Locke, Isleton and Walnut Grove. Many of the Chinese, however, are found in truck gardening and other agriculture outside the towns.

(607)

In Solano County, the last statement is also particularly true. Suisun and Vallejo are among the towns having Chinese colonies.

(405)

In Placer County, Chinese are found in numbers in Newcastle, Penryn, Auburn, Roseville and other towns, where they are engaged in retail businesses and, to some extent in agriculture.

(259)

In Yuba County, the Chinese colony in Marysville is, as always with the strictly town populations, engaged in retail business, and elsewhere agriculture is the main occupation.

(251)

In Yolo County, the main town colony is in Broderick.

(106)

The hundred-odd Chinese of Nevada County, center around Grass Valley and Nevada City. Besides retail business, mining engages their

attention.

The 40 Chinese of Anador County cluster around Jackson, working at mining, lumbering and storekeeping.

The few found in Sierra, Sutter and Eldorado Counties are either miners or small merchants.

2. EXACT PLACE OF ORIGIN:

Ninety or ninety-five percent of the total immigration Cantonese, mainly from the farming districts of the province of Kwang Tung.

3. PLACES LIVED IN BEFORE COMING TO U. S.

Ninety percent directly from China to U. S. The remaining ten percent had a preliminary residence in the Philippines or Hawaii.

4. LENGTH OF TIME IN U. S.

Chinese immigration virtually begins in 1849, and the mining counties (of which the district being covered constitutes a big part) at first got virtually all of it. "At the end of 1852 it was estimated there were 25,000 Chinese in California engaged either in placer mining or in domestic and manual labor" and undoubtedly these ten counties had around half this number. From that year to 1882 Chinese came into California at the rate of several thousands a year, but also returned to China in numbers. The relation between these two was influenced by labor demand, discriminatory laws against the Chinese (as the miners' license law and the head tax), mob violence, and other circumstances. As the total number of Chinese women arriving in California in this whole period (from the commencement of immigration to 1882) was only around 7,500, and consequently few Chinese were born on American soil, the following U. S. census figures for eight of these ten counties should largely show the results of immigration.

They are arranged alphabetically by counties, not numerically:

	Census 1860	Census 1870	Census 1880
AMADOR	2568	1627	1125
ELDORADO	4762	1582	1484
NEVADA	2147	2627	3003
PLACER	2392	2410	2190
SACRAMENTO	1731	3596	4892
SIERRA	2208	810	1252
SOLANO	14	920	993
YUBA	1781	2337	2146

Sutter and Yolo not given because not constituting
in any decade 1.3 percent of
Chinese in California.

It will be seen the Chinese in some of these counties decreased decidedly with each decade before the exclusion act of 1882. The only really notable increases are in Sacramento County, and it is these that point the main explanation for the other figures: that when the Chinese were driven from the mines by persecution they of necessity tended to congregate in the cities, Sacramento City being the one here affected. ~~XX~~ "In 1860 sixty percent of the Chinese were in 11 mining counties; by 1870 only 45 percent remained in these counties, while 38 percent were now settled in and about the cities of San Jose, Sacramento and San Francisco."

The federal law of 1882 excluded all Chinese laborers "skilled and unskilled and those engaged in mining" (as it ~~stated it~~) for ten years. Amendments in 1884 made its enforcement more drastic, and the ~~ruthless~~ Scott Act of 1888 denied Chinese-American laborers the right to return to this country even though they had left it with certificates which guaranteed their right to return. In fact up to 1894 each session of congress made exclusion more absolute, ~~even to~~

Then, owing to the ferocity of some of the provisions of the Geary Act, passed in the previous session (1892), which had aroused a storm of opposition even from the majority of those most opposed to Chinese immigration, legislation, while probably more rather than less effective, became somewhat less violent. Exclusion was extended in 1898 to the Philippines and Hawaii, and in 1902 and 1904 all Chinese exclusion laws still in force were reenacted.

The following table gives the U. S. Census figures for these counties in the decades after exclusion:

	1890	1900	1910	1920	1930
AMADOR	324	153	101	38	40
ELDORADO	518	206	58	21	12
NEVADA	1053	632	300	120	106
PLACER	1429	1050	612	415	405
SACRAMENTO	4371	3254	2143	1254	2752
SIERRA	488	309	117	33	13
SUTTER			75	42	13
SOLANO	1522	903	811	669	607
YOLO			198	157	251
YUBA	974	719	493	358	259

The enormous drops decade by decade in all the counties will be seen, until the last decade, when Sacramento and Yolo Counties show some gain. The particular reason for the great rapidity of this decrease is the fact that the first generation Chinese, the vast majority of whom had no family ties in this country, desired to go back to China when they had made their "piles" to rejoin their families (half had wives and children left in China), or to die, that their bodies might be buried among their forefathers. The present slight increase is primarily due to births in the second and third generations.

of these ten counties

The present Chinese population is estimated to be 85 percent native-born. Those of the remaining first generation (who so largely died, returned to China, or migrated elsewhere in California) range from a few old-timers who came under free immigration previous to 1882, through those admitted in the non-restricted classes of the early laws and through bribery, etc. (the early enforcement being notoriously as corrupt as it was often inhumane), to recent arrivals of the exempt student-professional class.

5. NATIVE ORGANIZATIONS.

By far the most important Chinese organization is the famous Consolidated Chinese Benevolent Association, popularly called the Chinese Six Companies. To quote from the association's own description, published as an advertisement in the special State Fair number of the Sacramento Bee, September 5, 1936: "This great association has more than 1,000 members who live in Sacramento and many more who reside in the towns of the Sacramento Valley. The Association derives its name from the fact that six companies, or associations in this case, have joined together and pooled their resources for the common good. The organization maintains offices throughout the United States and in all of the commercial centers of the world. While it is engaged primarily in community activities and social welfare work, it is chiefly known for its benevolences. It is a tradition of long standing with the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association to take care of its members who are in indigent circumstances and rare indeed it is to find any Chinese applying for aid or help outside of the established social welfare organizations of his own race. Few welfare organizations, no matter how well subsidized or supported by funds from subscribers, can equal the record of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association or show a record of greater direct aid."

The individual names of the six societies making up the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association are: Wing Yung, Hop Wo, Kong Chow,



Yung Wo, Sam Yup, and Yan Wo.

A very unfortunate fact of the early days and still occurring occasionally was the confusing of the Chinese Six Companies with organizations of a totally dissimilar nature. "The Six Societies, similar to the village councils in China, are formed in America for the control, protection and general benefit of their members.... Not to multiply authorities, all the reputable Chinese and all the Americans who know either the language or the Chinese population in the United States intimately, unite in testifying that the Six Societies are benevolent organizations, exercising extensive advisory but no coercive powers, and not to be confounded with trade guilds or secret societies of which there have been many, organized for both reputable and disreputable purposes." ("Chinese Immigration, Mary R. Coolidge, Ph. D., formerly Ass. Prof. of Sociology, Stanford University, Henry Holt & Co., 1909.)

The Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association in this region so completely takes care of all the social needs of the Chinese that almost none are found turning to white charitable organizations. Fong Wo Poo is the local head, the family Fong having a distinguished community record in this territory since the gold days.

Other important Chinese organizations are the Chinese-American Citizens Alliance of San Francisco, Sacramento Branch, being a society the for native-born, the Chinese Free Masons, and the Bing Kong Tong, which promotes the welfare of its members. Each Chinese family or clan has also its own association.

As with the Japanese, language schools play a big part in local Chinese life. Among those in the city of Sacramento are the Chung Wah School, 524 N St., the Nee Wah School, 1415 Sixth St., and the Kaw Wah School, Fifth and N Sts. These are all run by Chinese Christian churches. The Confucian Church also has a school with around 100 pupils. In all towns where there is a Chinese community of any size at least one

Chinese language school is to be found.

The very large percent of the Chinese population who have been born in the United States no doubt accounts for the fact that 75 percent are estimated to be Christian. The remainder are divided between indeterminate ancestor worship, Confucianism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism. These latter religions in some of the Chinese communities have a temple which they use more or less in common. There is no temple in the city of Sacramento, the nearest approach being the Chinese School of Confucian Church (as the sign reads in English), which seems from its description and has about 30 adult a philosophical combination of Confucianism and Christianity. Of the usual Christian churches, the Baptist (Rev. S. W. Lee), the Methodist (Rev. Hiram Fong), the Church of Christ (Rev. W. S. Trok), and the Congregational are represented in Sacramento City, while one or more Christian churches are found in most of the Chinese communities named on page 1.

6. NATIVE NEWSPAPERS IN THE VERNACULAR.

There are no Chinese language newspapers published in the ten counties, but those of San Francisco are extensively circulated: the Chung Sai Yat Bo (Chinese-American Daily), the Sai-Ki Bo (World News), the Chinese Times, the Young Chinese (belonging to the Chinese Nationalist Party), and ^{the} Quile Ning Bo.

7. FEASTS, HOLIDAYS, FOLKWAYS.

The great universally observed holiday is the Chinese New Year, celebrated by the first generation for about two weeks and by the American Chinese for a day or two at least. All debts are paid, enemies attempt to become reconciled, new clothes are worn, there is much visiting, feasting and drinking of tea, as well as general merrymaking. China lilies coming to bloom on New Year's bring good luck throughout the year, so are carefully nurtured to this end. In some places a

procession is held, with the Chinese lion-dragon to drive out evil spirits and much firing of firecrackers to the same ^{purpose.} In the home special ceremonies are held honoring ancestors, gifts are given, and special foods served.

October 10 is observed by public patriotic exercises in honor of the founding of the Chinese Republic. Frequently also public exercises are held on the birth and death anniversaries of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, first president of China.

^{other} Certain holidays of China are apt to be remembered in the first generation homes, but all American holidays are almost universally observed.

The folkway most commonly retained is the paying of special ceremonies to the family's ancestors in the home. There is often a family shrine, where incense is burnt and flowers are placed.

8. FOLK TALES AND MYTHS STILL ALIVE.

The traditional heroes of China tended to become gods also, and the stories of many of them are kept alive in the Chinese colonies here for their moral and patriotic significance. Typical is the Story of Mr. Go⁸ and Mr. Young, from Confucius.. It is here given as told to the workers on this survey:

Many years ago there lived in a small village two old men who were fast friends, named Young (the elder) and Go⁸. Though very poor both were highly virtuous and wished to put their talents to use for the state. They decided to journey to the emperor and volunteer in government service.

Being very poor, it was necessary that they should make the long journey to the capital on foot. About half way, in a solitary mountains region very low in temperature, they realised that there was not enough food and clothing to take them both any further. Each



pleaded with all the force he possessed that his friend should take all there was and continue to the capital that the people might be served. But each refused to desert the other.

Finally Young, being the elder, asked Goe to bring him water. While Goe was absent, Young took off his clothing, and being nearly frozen when his friend returned, just managed to command him to take the clothing and the food and make haste onward.

The emperor became very fond of Goe, appointing him prime minister, and Goe's intellect and virtue were of great benefit to his imperial master and led to great prosperity and happiness throughout China. But when Goe felt that his work was done for the nation, he returned to the scene where his friend had perished, and writing a letter of resignation to the emperor, stabbed himself over his friend's grave.

Another tale of the same classification is that of Gwak Fai, told to workers as follows:

About 1,000 years ago the Mongols invaded China, locating in the northern half of the country and inflicting great cruelties on the people. Gwak Fai, a commoner, banded the people together in defence, and finally by his self-sacrificing patriotism drove the Mongols out of China. The Emperor loved him, but, persuaded by the prime minister, allowed him to be sentenced to die. A few years later the Mongols returned, killing the faithless emperor and his son and capturing all of China. The spirit of Gwak Fai, however, appeared and destroyed the Mongols, and he is remembered as the guardian saint of China.

A third story is that explaining the origin of the Dragon Boat Festival, observed in China on the fifth day of the fifth month in the lunar calendar. The story is said to have historical basis. The story was told to workers, but is here given with a few additional details



in the words of the Chinese Digest, July 24, 1936 (published in San Francisco and extensively circulated in the counties being covered).

"Wai Yuen, the chief Minister of State to the Prince of Cho, attained great fame by his enlightened administration and was much beloved by the people. Finally, however, his master refused to listen to him and his proposals for state reforms met with a cold reception. Disappointed, Wai Yuen committed suicide by jumping into the river, a tributary of the Yangtze.

"The Prince immediately suffered a revulsion of feeling and sent out his fleet of long or dragon boats to recover the body for a state burial, but the body was never found."

Stories like these, told in the homes and schools, sometimes as of gods to be honored, sometimes simply as of great and virtuous heroes of history or legend, are known to almost all the Chinese.

9, 10, 11. OCCUPATIONS IN OLD COUNTRY, OF PARENTS, AND IN U. S.

Contrary to common belief, the larger part of Chinese immigration to California was not from the unskilled city laborers of Canton but from the small independent farmers of the Cantonese province of Kwang Tung. The occupations of these in the homeland were, needless to say, agricultural. Such city laborers who came were mostly unskilled, i. e. coolies. The criminal element, which to some extent slipped into San Francisco through flaws in the early immigration laws and by illegal means, seldom chose these counties, which by and large attracted the hard-working and honest.

Mining, agriculture, railroad work, domestic service, laundering, general business, and to a very small extent manufacturing, have been the Chinese occupations here. Number 12 gives details of their historic part in the development of the region.

At present, while some Chinese here remain in agriculture,

mining, and domestic service, the majority are engaged in business, as the conducting of groceries and other stores, laundries, restaurants, etc. The educated classes are found in all the professions of their white neighbors.

12. CELEBRITIES AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO CALIFORNIA.

Celebrities do not range beyond the following type: Dr. Benjamin Wong, Ph. D., of the faculty of the University of California, formerly of Sacramento; Chin Bonyin, Sacramento artist, recipient of honors for his exhibits at State Fairs, etc.; Anna Yoke, Chinese girl receiving highest marks in an English competition, 1934 (Sacramento High School).

But the contributions of the Chinese of this region to the upbuilding of the state have been unequalled by any other foreign group. As cooks, laundrymen, and other manual laborers in the Gold Days they made the life of the camps endurable. They drained the tule lands for vegetable raising, contributing thus directly and indirectly to the health of the early settlers. The Foreign Miners' License, which ~~has been said to be almost exclusively imposed~~ on their long-suffering backs, made possible the government of the State of California. "The income from the Foreign Miners' licensesamounted....for the whole period from 1850 to 1870, to one half of the total income of the state from all sources. From 1855 onward, it is conceded by all authorities that the Chinese paid practically the whole of these taxes." — 98 percent shown to have been paid by the Chinese. Here are the figures from seven of the counties being covered.

CONTROLLERS' REPORTS, 1854-1870
FOREIGN MINERS' LICENSE RECEIPTS
98 percent paid by Chinese.

AMADOR \$137,018.35

ELDORADO \$375,227.35

NEVADA	\$103,250.02
PLACER	\$210,311.74
SACRAMENTO	\$ 53,145.84
SIERRA	\$ 59,496.49
YUBA	\$ 89,916.00

In the building of the railway which linked California to the rest of the nation, the Chinese of this region took a first place. "When the Central Pacific was finished in 1869 the railroads were employing nearly 10,000 men, nine-tenths of whom were Chinese. Leland Stanford reported that without them it would have been impossible to complete the western portion of this great enterprise within the time required by law."

~~Supporting the state by the taxes imposed on them, making first possible the completion of the transcontinental railway, doing the hard work on the farms and in the towns the white man would not do, persecuted and not retaliating, providing for their own sick and unfortunate at no expense to the state—the Chinese of these counties are rightly proud of their record.~~

SOURCES

All quotations unless otherwise stated are from "CHINESE IMMIGRATION", by Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph.D., formerly Ass. Prof. of Sociology, Stanford University, Pub. by Henry Holt & Co., 1909.

U. S. Census for 1930 (giving the figures for 1910, 1920 and 1930); other Census figures quoted are from the book named above.

George Foote, Oschner Bldg., Sacramento, for 25 years attorney for the Chinese.

Dr. H. W. Yee and Paul Yee, 16 and J Sts., Sacramento.

Dr. Fung Lung, 1116 1/2 Seventh St., Sacramento.

Herman Fong, Bank of America, Sixth and J Sts., Sacramento.

Fred Fong, Canton Cafe, Sacramento.

SOURCES - continued

Dr. H. L. Wong, 1111 Seventh St., Sacramento.

Leong Chung, Capitol Poultry Co., Sacramento.

Lip Wong, Eighth and L Sts., Sacramento.

Rev. Hiram Tong, Chinese Methodist Church, Sacramento.

? Chow, Golden State Market, Sacramento.

Rev. S. Y. Lee, Chinese Baptist Church, Sacramento.

Lung Chong, 224 K St., Sacramento.

Ling Chong, 1341 Third St., Sacramento.

NOTE ON BIOGRAPHIES

The procuring of first generation biographies was extremely difficult, because of 85 to 90 percent of the Chinese of this territory being native-born, with a total population of only 4,488 (1930 Census) for the ten counties.

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Theatre - "Mandarin"

- Shan

3 and 4

FOLKLORE OF NATIONAL MINORITIES IN SAN FRANCISCO

The Chinese Theater

In old days the Chinese had no regular theater. Theatrical entertainment took place only on special occasions, such as a harvest festival, or the conferring of a degree upon some great scholar. For these occasions an engagement was made for some troupe to appear in one of the cities such as Canton City. A stage had to be specially constructed, likewise the small buildings for concessions. All these were temporary. Nowadays there are permanent theater buildings based on the old models. These resemble the ball parks in the United States. They are divided into three sections, the middle one of which has standing room only, and admits spectators free of charge.

The only Chinese theater in the United States is situated on Grant Ave. in San Francisco. Until three months ago, there were two - the other one being on Jackson St. The existing one is known by the name of Mandarin. The Mandarin was for a long time dark, but recently a group of players arrived from China and Chinese theatricals are again being given. It is a well-known fact that a theater in San Francisco's Chinatown is usually a financial failure; but the promoters always hope for the best. The players work on a commission basis.

The theater here is, of course, built in accordance with regulations governing public buildings - thought being taken for safety in case of fire, and so on. In spite of this, old-fashioned Chinese customs prevail within. For example, the property man is often seen by the audience - he is walking around, removing various properties, but the Chinese are never bothered by such trifles. As for people of other nationalities, they no doubt often mistake the property man for the leading actor. One does not go into a

Chinese theater merely to spend a couple of hours in intense concentration on the play; he goes there to enjoy himself at leisure; and when he wants to walk out there is nobody to say him Nay; he receives a slip of paste-board, which he pockets, and which readmits him. Thus he may spend a whole long evening going in and out of the theater. This slip is interchangeable: some other person is allowed to use it. Consequently, two persons often buy only one ticket, and both see the play for the one price; that is, the first person sees the first half, the second the second half. The admission used to be one dollar at seven o'clock, but it grew less and less as the evening wore on. At nine o'clock it had gone down to 25¢. The result was that the theater remained practically empty till nine o'clock. A peculiar custom is one which admits notices to be posted on the stage during the performance: for instance, a wife telephones and asks to speak to her husband who is in the theater: immediately a notice with the man's name is placed on the stage, so that he can see it and act accordingly. On Saturday evenings the performance frequently lasts until one o'clock. As children are admitted without a ticket when accompanied by their parents, the place is frequently a bedlam - the youngsters running around, visiting neighbors, and exchanging sticks of candy and other childish delights. The management seldom dares to complain, for Chinese parents are extremely touchy, and will easily become wrathful if complained to with regard to the capers of their offspring.

Many tourists visit the theater on Grant Ave. and gape at the strange goings-on. Sometimes an underworld character from the region of Eddy St. or from the nearby North Beach drops in, with his moll. Also women of the night are seen there. Thus the visitor, say, from Iowa, has the satisfaction of seeing something, some glimpse, of the San Francisco underworld, while he looks at an Oriental spectacle.

As for the plays themselves, these are all based upon some historical event that took place in China thousands of years ago. There are practically no stage settings. You must use your imagination; and while you see only a chair and table on bare floor, you must imagine that you are in reality looking upon a strange wood in Kansu. Your imagination is assisted by a sign saying that this is a wooded country; that is all. The pantomime of the players helps, of course. A character is supposed to be crossing a river: he makes motions as though wading in deep water; or else he simulates rowing a boat or paddling a canoe. Or perhaps a character is supposed to be entering a house; he bows his head a little and lifts one foot from the floor. When he is supposed to be leaving the house, he again lifts his foot. The first character appearing on the stage explains what is coming by a song which he sings. Usually he sings in Mandarin, but sometimes in Cantonese. Without understanding this song it is very difficult to follow the play. Often the player wears a mask, without uttering a sound. He merely makes a few movements with his hands, and then retires. Once on a stormy day the audience was very small and the actor was so surprised that he made a remark. This was heard by many people in the audience. After the shouting had subsided it was agreed to penalize the actor and the company both. An extra performance had to be given in order to placate the audience.

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October 8, 1936.

I P McDowell
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CHINESE OF MARIN COUNTY

Marin County, California, is the home, (in 1936) of only six native born Chinese, and approximately 350 American born.

For more than 80 years Marin County has been the abiding place of Chinese, at times there being between two and three thousand.

While during the early years of the county, there were hundreds of native-born Orientals, they have died or have returned to their native land, and each year the number has grown less.

A survey of the county discloses that of the half dozen native born here now, but one is outstanding in education and wealth. The others originated in the lowest strata of Oriental humanity and were content to be without education and to eke out a meager existence while here.

They "no saboe" to questions of their origin and of their lives in China, and dismiss the interviewer with a grunt and a flow of Chinese vernacular.

These six native-born Chinese have resided in Marin County for periods of from forty to sixty years, and with one exception, they all expect to remain here to the end of their days.

There are no Chinese clubs or organizations of any kind in Marin County, but almost without exception, the Chinese residents belong to a Tong; to the Chinese Masons; the Chinese Sportsmen's Club

1900 - 1901

1902 - 1903

1904 - 1905

1906 - 1907

1908 - 1909

1910 - 1911

1912 - 1913

1914 - 1915

1916 - 1917

1918 - 1919

1920 - 1921

1922 - 1923

1924 - 1925

1926 - 1927

CHINESE IN MARIN COUNTY

and other organizations which have their headquarters in San Francisco. There are no Chinese newspapers printed in Marin County but scores of the Orientals subscribe to their native tongue papers printed in San Francisco.

Leap year comes once every three years on the Chinese calendar, and in Leap Year there is a "double June" making a thirteen month calendar to strike a balance. The other two years contain twelve months. This year (1936) is a Chinese Leap year.

The first holdiay of the year is the Chinese New Year. This arrives, not on any specific date, but is governed by the Moon and usually comes in February. The celebration very much resembles the Occidental Easter. It lasts for fifteen days and is the occasion of much feasting, merrymaking, and is accompanied by the firing of a great quantity of firecrackers, small aerial bombs and other forms of fireworks. It is a gala occasion for the children.

In March a "kite celebration" takes place and continues throughout the month of each day in which there is sufficient wind to lift a kite into the atmosphere.

Strange and wierd shapes and sizes of kites of all colors appear in the air and competition is keen in the heights obtained by the kites and the length of time they can be induced to stay aloft.

Moon Holiday is celebrated six times each year, the specific dates being governed by the fullness and position of the moon. On these occasions also there is much feasting and merry making.

On May 5, a specific date each year, is celebrated "Boat Holiday". And on this date all Chinese who can do so, take to the water of San Francisco bay and its tributaries in gaudily decorated boats to enjoy themselves and hold a big get-together at some sheltered cove, usually China Camp in Marin County on the shore of San Pablo Bay, five miles from San Rafael.

One of the most spectacular and picturesque celebrations of the year comes during the first week of October. This is known as the Feast of the Dragon and where big celebrations are held, as in San Francisco, Chinese for miles around drop their regular occupations, go to the city, and take part in the festivities which last for several days.

During the celebration the Dragon's Parade is the main feature, and, accompanied by wierd music, the beating of drums and the discordant notes from the throats of thousands of Chinese, a huge dragon fashioned of papier mache is carried through the streets.

The Feast of the Dragon is a feast indeed. It includes a 52-course meal and occupies the greater part of an entire day for consumption. All who take part in this celebration give themselves over entirely to the business of eating, and drinking rice wine, which, it is said, imparts a glow to the face and loosens the tongue but does not intoxicate.

Native-born Chinese of Marin County at the present time include but one woman and five men. The woman was imported many years ago as a slave girl, was promptly bought up, and has since served as wife and housekeeper for her husband.

The men, with the exception of one, were coolies in China. They came to America and launched out as cooks and gardeners, some of them later

From history is known that in these early years, the people

were being governed by the rulers and people of the moon. In those

occasions also there is much feasting and merry making.

On May 5, a festival is celebrated in each year, in which

and on this day all the people go out to the water of the river

and the children in the family are made to enjoy themselves

hold a big boat-race at some special place, usually some in the

county on the shore of the river, five miles from the city.

One of the most important and picturesque celebrations of the

year is held during the first week of October. This is known as the

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The execution of one, who was killed in China, they

also to be killed and launched out as boats and persons, some of them

going into business for themselves as fishermen.

In the early 50's, a group of Chinese fishermen discovered shrimp in the upper arm of San Pablo Bay, an extension of San Francisco bay. The crustacea were so numerous that each drop of the nets brought to the surface millions of the squirming denizens of the deep which are considered such a delicacy besides being rich in the element of iodine, so necessary to the human body.

A ready market was found around the bay especially in San Francisco, and the Chinese sought a protected cove where they might establish headquarters near the scene of the fishing grounds.

Such a spot was located on the northern shores of Marin County, approximately five miles from San Rafael, and here a camp was established. It was called China Camp and has so been known for more than eighty years, at times the population reaching a peak of 2500 men, women and children.

Besides being the headquarters for Chinese fishermen, in the early days, China Camp was the rendezvous for scores of rascally Chinamen who had committed a crime and who desired to hide from justice. Tong hatchet men, selected by their fellows to do murder, having carried out the dictates of their Tong, would almost invariably hide out in China Camp, where it was worth a peace officer's life to go with a warrant of arrest. Such an officer might easily disappear, and rumor has it that several were never heard from following their attempts to make an arrest of an evil doer at the Camp.

In the days before the institution of the finger print system, it was a decidedly hard task to identify one particular Chinese man among some 2,000 when they all were garbed in the same style and wore the usual long queue and the same impassive expressionless features.

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It is recounted, however, that one San Rafael constable of many years ago profited immensely from the Chinese at the Camp.

The tale is told that this constable, each time he learned of a tong murder and the escape of the hatchet man, would immediately go to China Camp. There he would confer with the "head men", tell them he knew that the murderer was being protected, and that for a consideration he would keep it quiet.

It is further related that nine times out of ten, the constable was right, and he would be handed sums of money from \$250 to \$1,000.

As the years went by, the population of China Camp decreased to a mere handful of fishermen, until after the catastrophe of 1906 when the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco wiped out the old Chinatown with the loss of scores of Oriental lives. Hundreds of the survivors fled to other parts, many of them selecting Marin County, and almost overnight, the population of China Camp rose to a total of 1300.

As the years have slipped by since the earthquake, the population has again dwindled until today (1936) there are but three adult Chinese in the Camp -- Henry Quan, who has a white wife of undetermined nationality; his sister-in-law (widow of Henry's brother), and Quan's mother, Mrs. Quan Wo Su. There are three full-blood Chinese children of the deceased George Quan and his Chinese wife, Alice, and three half-breed children of Henry Quan and his white wife.

China Camp today (1936) is one of the main fishing industries of Marin County, and several Americans are employed by Quan to fish for him on a commission basis.

The outstanding Chinese in Marin County is Wing Sing, a lovable well-educated, sensible old bachelor who says he is over eighty years of age

It is necessary, however, that one must have a certain amount of money

to be able to do this, and it is not always easy to find the money.

The first step is to find out what the cost of the thing is.

Then, if the cost is not too high, one can try to get the money from one's own pocket.

If the cost is too high, one can try to get the money from one's friends or family.

If one cannot get the money from one's friends or family, one can try to get it from a bank.

One can also try to get the money from a loan.

It is better to get the money from a loan than to get it from a bank.

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according to his best calculations.

Sing was brought to California by his parents when but 10 years of age, remaining in San Francisco for a few years where he gained all the education which the schools of those days afforded.

Later he struck out for himself, came to Marin County and engaged in the business of gardening, finally accepting employment with the family of Dr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, wealthy San Rafael residents.

Sing endeared himself to his employers by his faithful attention to duty, and became an institution in the Boyd family and in the lives of many Chinese in Marin County. Scores of his countrymen have sought out Sing for advice in matters of finance and other problems with which they were confronted.

He assiduously saved his money, dreaming of the time when he would return to his native land with an independent fortune, live a life of ease, and go to his final reward, resting among the remains of his forbears.

Sing's faithfulness to duty was rewarded many times by Dr. Boyd by substantial increases in pay, until, at the time of Boyd's death some twenty years ago, he was receiving \$100 per month. Upon reading and recording Dr. Boyd's will, it was discovered that Sing was named as a beneficiary and would receive \$100 per month for the remainder of his life, even though he were to return to China for good.

But Sing remained with the family estate, and although unable to do the heavy labors of former years, he puttered about the flowers in the yard and was happy.

Several times during the past thirty years, Sing has signified his intention of returning to China to spend the remainder of his days. He has returned many times, but each time has come back to San Rafael after a

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short stay of a few months with the comment that America, and especially Marin County and San Rafael, are much better places to live in than China.

However, on September 5, 1936, Sing again set sail for his native China, his destination Woo Sing Tung Province, from whence he came originally. He declared before leaving San Rafael that he had plenty of money to keep himself and some of his relatives in China, for the remainder of their days, in plenty. Besides his savings which amount to several thousand dollars, he will receive the monthly stipend of \$100 from the Boyd estate.

"I wish to die on sacred Chinese ground," Sing told his interviewer, "and then I know I will be gathered to my forefathers."

There is much significance in Sing's statement for the reason that every few years, the bones of Chinese who have died in this country are disinterred and the remains returned to China. He fears there might be some mix-up in the final arrangements and that his body might go to rest in some place other than with his forefathers.

"Sometimes," said Sing, "when the bones of Chinese buried in this country are removed to China, they get mixed up, and I do not care to have this happen to what is left of me. I want to make sure that I will be buried with my forefathers in China."

And so Sing has returned to his native heath, but among the Marin County Chinese by whom he is respected and revered, it is the belief that if he retains his health, Sing will again return to San Rafael.

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Student Club - (Rushley)
3 pps Woolerton (SARA)

M-18

S E R A PROJECT, DR. PAUL RADIN, SUPERVISOR, RESEARCH BY C.R. WOOLVERTON

INVESTIGATION: ORIENTAL IMMIGRANTS AND SECOND GENERATION ORIENTALS
 SKETCHES STRESSING SOCIAL, ECONOMIC AND CULTURAL FEATURES

CHINESE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS CLUB, large number of members (150 or so) only a small number (8 or 10) of which actually live in the club building. (See sketch No. 17, Japanese Students Club)

The building occupied by this club is a moderate sized detached residence, formerly the home of Dr. Barrows, former head of the University. It stands on the intersection of two quiet streets. Although I paid four calls there before finding anyone at home, the doors both front and back were always unlocked. On one occasion when no one answered my ring, I became exasperated, thinking that they had seen me and mistaken my appearance for a Government Agent, as the Orientals and others usually do and were hiding inside. Consequently I technically perhaps performed the act of unlawful entry by taking a look around by myself, without however seeing anyone around. Coming out I encountered the postman in the street and queried him about the doors being unfastened with no one at home. He informed me that they were always that way and that he himself was accustomed to use the house for a comfort station even though no one were on hand to extend him the courtesies. On my last visit when I found members present I mentioned these facts and asked them if they were not afraid of robbery but they seemed to have a very good opinion of the Berkeley Ph. D. police force for they told me that every thing was perfectly safe in Berkeley, that there were no bums nor criminals around for the reason that the police ran them out the moment they appeared. Thus the heirs of Mr. Vollmer may be contributing to the future security of life in China if these young men absorb the lesson that police forces need not necessarily be dripping with slime from the gutter and that they, even handicapped with sob-sister juries, Anglo-Saxon rules of ~~XXXXXXXX~~ evidence as perverted in America, et al., can run things pretty efficiently and with little expense to the tax-payer if they are so inclined.

Contrasted with the Japanese Students Club, there were few bed rooms in the house and no effort at providing meals for members. I was told that ~~they~~ the few men who lived in the house took their meals outside as suited their fancy. There is a kitchen and dining room equipped as far as I could see, but not used. Apparently they have no servants and don't exert themselves much in cleaning up the place as the front verandah was always littered with trash and the back-yard had a rather slummy look. This is quite in line with the Chinese temperament as contrasted with the Japanese. A Chinese millionaire will spend large sums on an ornamental palace and garden, equipped with the most exquisite of summer-houses, porcelain lanterns, stone-lace-work bridges, etc., but you have to fall over dead dogs and other garbage outside his front gate to get in and then be careful of your shoes, gloves and clothing to avoid contamination when taking tea in one of the garden pavilions.

Contrasted again with the Japanese Club where all of the residents were California boys, the Chinese club embraces some students from China and also the Chinese colonies in the Indonesian region. Regarding these latter, Singapore, Siam, Sumatra, Java, Penang, it may be remarked that they have furnished not only some of the present enlightened leaders of China but also some of the great Chinese fortunes and financial resources that have helped republican and revolutionary China out of many tight holes financially. These colonies are recruited mainly from Swatow and Amoy in contradistinction to the exclusively Cantonese origin of the colony in America.

S E R A PROJECT, Dr. Paul Radin, Supervisor, Research by C. R. Woolverton

There is a saying and a feeling among the Occidentals in China that the further north from Canton you go the more like human beings the Chinese become, "human beings" in this case being, of course, occidentals. I must confess to this attitude myself. My heart opens up and I feel more at ease psychologically with a Chinese from Amoy and points north than I do with a Cantonese or Swatowman, who have a little too much of the old Malay, hide-behind-a-tree-and cut-off-his-head blood in their veins to make a ~~fix~~ fair-play Anglo-Saxon Nordic ~~fix~~ feel entirely at ease in their presence. Of course, the Chinese themselves have always had this feeling, the original Sons of Han, now clustered mainly in the Nankin-Hankow-Soochow triangle, have always up to very recent times ~~xx~~ looked on and called the Southerners and Coast tribes "treacherous insects".

On my last visit when I had the luck to find some one at home, I heard the sound of music as I neared the house. It stopped abruptly as I set foot on the verandah steps. While I did not exactly expect to hear Chinese music it was nevertheless something of a surprise after I got inside and stepped up to the piano to see what was being played to find "Blue Danube Waltzes".

The down-stairs was divided up into an entrance hall with stairway, large room to right, furnished only with many arm chairs and Victrola (this room used for "bull-sessions" and dancing, a large room to the left, divided into two sections on slightly different levels, the higher one containing only the piano, the lower level a divan and some over-stuffed armchairs, book case etc. All were uncarpeted, again according to Chinese taste. However the contrast between lacquered furniture in the Chinese style and an uncarpeted or tile floor is not so chilly-feeling as was this contrast of upholstered furniture with bare floors. In the rear were dining room and kitchen, pantry, laundry porch, etc. The latter were fairly neat as they were not being used.

Up-~~stairs~~ stairs were several bed-rooms, rather nondescript but larger than the cubicles seen in the Japanese Club. Large double beds predominated, although some rooms sported single beds, separated by cloths or rugs hung over wires or ropes, to give some privacy. Most of the beds were unmade and clothing and books were slung around here and there. At the Japanese Club the rooms were exceptionally orderly for college students. It reminded me of my old college landlady whose constant cry was "Don't spit in the waste basket, boys, 'Cause I've got to clean it out." I got the impression, although I didn't like to betray too much curiosity, that the bookcases in the various bed rooms, displayed a larger percentage of Chinese books than did the Japanese Club of Japanese books. Of course, as I mentioned before, the Japanese members were all California boys, whereas the Chinese included students from abroad. There were many group photographs decorating the walls, university groups as well as family ones. Also highly colored lithographs of beautiful Chinese actresses et al. Good looking trunks and luggage was also noticeable. It is odd that on steamers it is always the fact that the baggage of the Chinese passengers (not storage) is usually better looking than that of the Japanese. Both are usually native made but I am inclined to believe where a job of straight imitation of a foreign product is concerned without any underlying scientific principles being involved the Chinese can outstrip the Japanese at making their product look exactly like the foreign one.

S E R A PROJECT, Dr. Paul Radin, Supervisor, Research by C. R. Woolverton

I was remarking to one young member, Cantonese race, California born, that I was surprised both at the Chinese Club and the Japanese Club as well as the International House, at the relatively small number of students from abroad who were represented. I described the "damndest" melange of all races, religions and colours, red, white and green, that made up the membership of the two clubs I was connected with, the Cosmopolitan at U. of Chicago, and the International at Pennsylvania. "Aw, nobody wants to come here from abroad", said my young friend, "the people are too prejudiced around here."

Although there were so few men living in the club house, I was informed that their total membership was perhaps larger than the Japanese Club, but that practically all the members lived outside around the neighborhood and only made the club house a meeting place and loafing headquarters. While there were some members from the southern part of the State and also outside the bay region, the bulk of them were from Bay Region points not so close to the campus as to enable them to return home each night.

It was again brought prominently into sight as in the case of the second generation Japanese that birth in America seems to entail a more robust, rangy and husky build than the ancestral type. Even those of Cantonese blood, although in China of more delicate ~~xxx~~ build and shorter stature than the northerners, would no doubt be mistaken for typical American athletes if you put a towel over their faces.

c Fishing - Shrimp

3 pages

Shrimp Business of the Chinese in California

The history of the shrimp business of the Chinese in California can be divided into two periods. The first period started some 70-80 years ago, ended about 30 years ago, with order from the Fishing Commissioner prohibiting shrimp fishing in the Bay. About the beginning of the World War, the Chinese ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ were able to bring enough "pressure" to bear on the Fishing Commissioner to have the prohibition lifted. The shrimp industry was then revived and lasted down to the present.

The cause that drove the Chinese to shrimp-fishing as ~~xxxxx~~ a method of earning a living may be termed to some extent as accidental. It may ~~xxxx~~ be that someone who already had earned their living by shrimp-fishing in China, came to this country, and merely perpetuated his method of gaining a living. However, even though the beginning may be accidental, small, and insignificant, the fact that shrimp ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ is one ~~xx~~ of the important victuals consumed by the Chinese gave the industry a good stimulant, so that a lapse of only a few years transformed it into an important business among the Chinese.

The First Period.

In the first period, the Chinese-operated shrimp camps---where shrimps are caught, cooked, and drained, ready to be sold to the shrimp companies---scattered all over the Bay. Compared the size of the business then with that of the present, the present scale will appear like a pigmy in size. The geographical distribution of the shrimp camps at that time was approximately as follows:--

San Rafael and San Quentin, around 12 to 16;

Richmond, 5 to 6 ;

Hunter's Pt. down to San Mateo, around 12 to 16.

The shrimp companies---the middlemen in the shrimp business---~~existedxxxxxx~~ came into existence as soon as the shrimp assumed any importance. However, if we allow one shrimp company to each shrimp camp, which is the approximate situation today, the number of the shrimp companies at that time must have been enormous. In those days, peddling of shrimp was also prevalent.

The ground on which the Fishing Commissioner prohibited shrimp-fishing by the Chinese is ~~xxxxxx~~ that their method of shrimp-fishing would exhaust fish supply in the Bay. Two methods are used in shrimp-fishing. One ~~xxxx~~ method is by dragging with power-boats, a method ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ universally used among the Italians. The other method is trapping by stationary nets, which necessitates fishing in comparatively shallow banks. The Chinese use the latter method; and it was because of the method used by the Chinese that the Fishing Commissioner prohibited them from further engaging in the business.

As a result of the prohibition, shrimp fishing became a monopoly of the Italians around the Bay. Even now, after the lifting of the prohibition, shrimp fishing at San Rafael, San

Quentin, and Richmond, is in the hands of the Indian fishermen. The area in which the Chinese are allowed to operate at present covers that portion of the Bay approximately south of the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge.

The Second Period

At present there are 10 shrimp camps clustered about the Hunter's Point, with a Chinese population of about 60-70. The camps as well as the shrimp companies were without exception formed after the lifting of the prohibition. The World War had a great deal to do in stimulating their ~~xxxxxx~~ development, as further description below will show. This development did not take the form of concentration into one big unit, but rather resulted in splitting up of older group and multiplication around it of numerous younger firms and camps. There has never been any big capital in the shrimp business. Enterprising cousins and relatives who used to work in one of the camps or companies always managed to save up enough money to start in business of their own. In fact, this is one of the main characteristics of the Chinese business world, a characteristics which appears common to capitalism in its early stage of development.

Among the shrimp camps, the oldest is the Bay City Shrimp Co., organized about 20-22 years ago. As regards Shrimp companies, There are eight in San Francisco, and two in Oakland, owned and operated by Chinese. The following table shows their approximate capital strength, business connection, etc.:

San Francisco:

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 1. Calif. Shrimp Co. | Founded in 1915; operates own camp. |
| 2. Diamond " | " " New |
| 3. Henry " | " " New; branched out from Cal. Shrimp Co.; owned and operated by one man. |
| 4. Lincoln " | " " Old |
| 5. Cable " | " " One-man business. |
| 6. Bay City " | " " Oldest; operates own camp. |
| 7. City " | " " Own camp. |
| 8. Quong Sang " | " " " |

Oakland:

Fong Wan	Shrimp Co.
Sam Lee	" "

Diamond, Quong Sang, and Bay City, regarded as the largest of the shrimp companies, each has a capital estimated at about ~~\$100~~ \$10,000. The smallest ~~xxx~~ are Henry and Cable, with capital estimated at around \$1,000 each. (1), (2), (6) and (8) listed above, considered ~~the largest~~ as the largest of the shrimp companies, employed around 10 to 15 workers each, besides job-workers who work at home during rush season. The workers are paid by piece-work, at a rate of 15 cents per lb. shrimps shelled. It is claimed that an efficient worker can earn about \$1.50 a day. The workers are without exception old women, cannot speak English, ~~xxxxxxx~~ and unskilled laborers barred other kinds of work where they can earn more.

The larger companies have on the average a yearly business transaction ~~estimated at about~~ estimated at about \$10,000, of which about 25% may be allowed as profits. It is claimed that 1935 has been the leanest year in shrimp business. Otherwise, the business has been quite satisfactory.

Method of Business, etc.

In the shrimp camps, the average ~~working~~ number of working days actually spent in shrimp-catching is 16 days per month. The ~~days~~ working days are divided into two groups, separated by the remaining days of the month when direction of the current is not yet settled.

Shrimps are caught by means of stationary nets which ~~resemble~~ ~~a~~ have the appearance of a magnified sausage-casing with one end closed. With favorable current, the shrimps are washed into the nets, and trapped in them by force of the current. About 500-600 lbs. are fished per day per camp. The working day comprises any part of the 24 hours, with only enough time intervening to allow for rest and recuperation of the workers.

As soon as the shrimps are brought in, they are boiled, and weighed under the ~~surveillance~~ surveillance of some representatives of the Fishing Commissioner. They are then drained, and sorted over a large table-like sieve arrangement. The larger shrimps are either sent or sold to the Shrimp companies. The smaller shrimps are dried at the camp, ~~&~~ (sun-dried). After they are dried, the shell is winnowed away, gathered up, and sold to Bay farmers as fertilizers, while the dried shrimp meat is sent back to China where it is used as food.

The shrimp companies act as the middlemen between the fishermen and the restaurants and fish markets. The amount of retail business carried on by them is comparatively unimportant.

Future

At present, each camp or shrimp company is carrying on a capacity business. There is ~~no~~ little hope in increasing the size of each camp or company. Combination is hopeless, and there is strong competition among the different camps and companies. The business is carried on after a family pattern. It is a father-and-son affair; and when outside people is brought in, it is done only with a great deal of caution and assurance against future split. It is not infrequent to find ambitious cousins to secede from the old group and go into business on his own. This limits the size of the business. There are no millionaires among the shrimp enterprisers.

September, 1936.

M-14

Statistics - (Unemployed
Alone
Fuller

7-26-34

W. J. Brown

San Francisco Calif.

July 26-24

First Reading

Report on interview with an the Chinese situation.

Chinese unemployed in San Francisco	500
Chinese single men unemployed	150
married	250

There are approximately 4500 Chinese in San Francisco. Approximately 500 are unemployed. Fifty percent of the 4500 are married.

Chinese emigration to the United States is very low due to the conditions in the United States. ~~and find that there are many Chinese going back to China.~~ A group of 20 young Chinese boys finished an aviation course and left for China two months ago.

General conditions in the Chinese circle is better than it was four months ago.

Adolph Smith

^c Santa Rosa - (Chico Canyon) ✓
Lopez - Wolf

NATIONAL MINORITIES IN CALIFORNIA

CHINESE COMMUNITY IN SANTA ROSA:

The Santa Rosa Chinese community is located south of the main business district on First, Second and Third Streets, between Santa Rosa Ave. and E Street. The total Chinese population of about 60 adults includes at least 12 persons of foreign birth.

The ages of these 12 Chinese men (according to the interpreter) range from 65 to 89 years, and all of them have been in the United States from 25 to 50 years.

Ninety percent of this group came directly to California from Canton, China.

The majority of the foreign born and second generation belong to the social and commercial organization called the Chinese Six Companies.

There are no Chinese newspapers published locally, but the Chinese here subscribe to the Chinese World, the Chung Soi Yut Bo, and the Young China, all of which are published in San Francisco.

All the old Chinese feast days and holidays are observed by this group of older Cantonese. The Chinese New Year, Festival of the Moon, the Spring and Fall Memorial Days and several other of the more important holidays are observed by the whole community, the dates dependent upon the moon phases of the old Chinese calendar.

It has been difficult to obtain exact information concerning folk tales and myths from the older members of this group through an interpreter, but through past acquaintance with the children of school age in this community, I have observed that the Chinese maxims, fables and hero tales have been well taught.

c
San Diego

9 pps.

—Vangi

more than five hundred dollars. A big fan and a hand-woven silk umbrella are beside the wooden box. A long table was set up in front of the idol with a big nickel bowl, for burning incense, between a pair of candle stands.

Besides the Guan Dai idol there are many other idols in the temple, such as earth god, door god, etc. All these idols are decorated alike. An iron bell is hung on the left wall and everyone must strike the bell three times before he bows down to pray.

Many visitors come to visit the temple every year. It is an interesting sight to the visitor, especially to those who are interested in the religion of the Chinese in America. As we understand, such in believing of gods, has only rooted deeply in the mind of the Chinese older generation. But most of the younger generation are not worshipping such a thing any more. The reason: "According to the facts," the temple keeper said, "because first they are modernized by education; and second, the scientific inventions have forced them to believe the reality of life of human society".

sight to the visitor, especially to those who are interested in the religion of the Chinese in America. As we understand, such in believing of gods, has only rooted deeply in the mind of the Chinese old generation. But most of the younger generation are not worshiping such a thing any more, the reasons: "According to the facts," the temple keeper said, "because first they are modernized by education; and second, the scientific inventions have forced them to believe the reality life of human society."

KONG CHOW TEMPLE

There are many temples in Chinatown. Kong Chow Temple, the oldest temple, is located at 520 Pine St. between Grant Ave. and Kearny St. More than eighty years ago, this temple was owned by the Kong Chow Family Association for their dependable financial resources. Before the Chinese Republic was born, this temple was rented to the people for \$15,000 a year. Kong Chow Temple also is known in Chinatown as Quan Dai Temple. Quan Dai was the name of a person who was the bravest, most intelligent, honorable, and beloved military leader in Sam Kuo Dynasty. Because of his bold personality, the Chinese people worship him as their future protector. Every year on May 13, his disciples offer him a feast in the temple with chickens and roast pigs, burning candles and incense in order to celebrate his birthday. Each attendant at this celebration has to give a "lee see" (a red paper wrapped with coin in a certain amount) to the temple keeper, it means good luck to every one.

The temple is built in Chinese style, inside it is decorated with red paper writing in Chinese. Red paper means "luck." A big idol, Quan Dai, dressed in beautiful clothes, with scarf around his neck, his huge hat has two feathers on each side of the back. The idol is set up in a very beautifully hand-carved wooden box painted with shining gold. This box cost more than \$500. A big fan and a hand-woven silk umbrella are beside the wooden box. A long table was set up in front of the idol with a big nickel bowl, for burning incense, between a pair of candle stands.

Besides the Quan Dai idol there are many other idols in the temple, such as earth god, door god, etc. All these idols are decorated alike. An iron bell is hung on the left wall and everyone must strike the bell three times before he bows down to pray.

Many visitors come to visit the temple every year. It is an interesting

in a proper manner I have not been able to secure information or
more vital points thus far.

Adolph Forth,

San Francisco, Calif. July 30-34.

Dr. Radin, Director Research Department,

19. Fourth St.

City;

An interview conducted in the Chinese circle; and the most interesting information secured ~~is~~ as follows.

An elderly gentleman born in China eighty seven years ago, who expects to return to his native land in about three months, believes that China is much better for elderly people to live ⁱⁿ than the United States due to the fact that a Chinaman likes to take his time to do a thing that he is about to do, and not compelled to rush and hurry ~~as things are carried on in the U.S.~~ However, it is admitted that the ~~U.S.~~ is a better country to live in for a younger person who is in trim and able to compete with his fellowmen in work, play and social activities. To do this he admits that it requires a better education than what the average Chinese person gets in China. They now find that the uneducated Chinese who came to this country in the last few years cannot compete with ~~anybody~~ the boys ~~who~~ received the full benefit of our schooling. The reason that there are many thousands or possibly millions of uneducated Chinese in China is ~~the laboring class of people are very poorly paid, ranging from \$7.00 to \$10.00 per month. Store clerks and bank tellers \$8.00 to \$15.00 per month. Their school system is not maintained from taxation, a pupil entering school is required to pay from \$17.00 to \$200.00 per year in accordance with the desired studies and social standing of the pupil and parents. Separate schools are~~ ^{their salary} ~~are~~ boys and girls.

It is believed that the younger generation in China for the past fifty years are in a healthier condition than those of the ~~U.S.~~. This is attributed to the fact that they live on a more natural ~~and~~ and plain diet of fifty percent or more alkaline foods, balance starches and ~~is~~ ^{protein}. In the ~~U.S.~~ the most general diet is almost the opposite.

~~(To this the writer may qualify to state that the statement on diet has more significant than what the average American people believe or know. Our public schools should be compelled to teach dietetics if any, from a health standpoint and not from merely a taste. This believe is based on actual experience and studies along this line.)~~

Chinese do not indulge very often in liquors, when they do drink in excess and get drunk they do not stagger off the effects on the streets and ~~and~~ the public, but go to their sleeping quarters and remain until the effects have disappeared. ^{because}

Chinese in former years were attracted to this country on account ~~the~~ high wages that are being paid; ~~this~~ enabled them to to earn enough to live well and maintain ~~themselves~~ and support their families in China. Comparatively ~~in~~ luxury, in fact much better than the average family allowance. ~~But~~ recent years many find it rather difficult to maintain the former standard ^{and this} causes them to turn their eyes and attention to their native country again. Particularly ~~many of~~ which were aggressive, and availed themselves ~~of~~ our educational opportunities, ~~and~~ some accumulation of money, ~~they~~ now find it profitable to return to their native country to enter into business. ~~They~~ feel that they will be able to do as well or probably better with the schooling and business knowledge they have secured ~~than~~ than they could by remaining here.

A Chinaman is very skeptical and it is very difficult to secure such information from of any consequence particularly when speaking of, or pertaining to their personal habits. ~~Until such time when you have cultivated a proper friendship, then a person may be able to secure information that may be of much greater value.~~ The above information was secured from Chinese that were very difficult to understand, not being able to carry on a conversation (OVER)

FIELD CONTINUITY
Minority Survey: Chinese.
San Diego Project
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Research _____
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CHINESE COLONY

Location &
Population.

San Diego has enjoyed the benefits of the industrious Chinese as have all the earlier settled districts of California. Between 1860 and 1870 they began settling at Horton's Landing; today their district is confined in the area bounded by Market, J., Third, and Fourth Streets . At one time there lived within these boundaries over 7000 Chinese. They were, for the greatest part, more or less itinerant as they were employed in the construction of the Sante Fe Railroad. When the laborers moved on with the constantly expanding railroads, the merchants remained to build up various business enterprises until today the staple Chinese population numbers 500, of which number 170/^{are}Chinese-born. Much of California's history is written in Chinese characters, through its pages the industriousness and sagacity of the Chinese is attested; San Diego and its growth has been benefitted by these people who helped poineer, then substantiate this city.

Place of
Origin.

As is usually the case with Chinese merchant classes, they are Cantonese. Canton is one of China's greatest commercial centers and for generations has contributed from its population the merchants of not only

Asia but America as well. The Cantonese of San Diego have a background of the variegated products with which their homeland has been associated, embracing silk, cotton, lacquered work, ~~lacquer~~ ^{ivory} carving, metal goods, and porcelain. This fact is evident in the types of stores the Chinese manage locally. From Shanghai have come a part of the colony as well as from Pekin. These people contrast sharply with the Cantonese as to their trades and business endeavors.

Places lived
in prior to
U.S. entry.

Some of the older residents of the Chinese colony lived for short periods of time in Mexico and Canada prior to their permanent settlement in San Diego. The absolute rigidity of our immigration laws prevents the influx of further migration from the Orient, Canada, and Mexico. For this reason the population figures, quoting foreign-born Chinese, is noticeably decreasing, especially those who formerly arrived here via Canada or Mexico.

Native Organizations.

The Chinese as a race are a socially clannish people. This fact is manifest by the many organizations and societies they form, not only in China, but locally as well. The local societies and clubs should not be confused with the notorious "Tongs", those militant orders which dictated politics and policies of the Chinese immigrants a few years ago. The recognized organizations

locally attempt in no way to coerce their members on political issues. They are formed solely for the social welfare of the American-Chinese and to keep alive in the U. S. A. the Chinese tongue. Realizing, as they do, the rapid westernization of principally the American-born Chinese youth and the loss of contact with the fatherland which his transition necessitates, they are striving towards making their native language ineradicable and perpetuating their literatesque traditions abroad. The four most important societies in San Diego are: the Chinese-American Citizen's Alliance, with headquarters at 428 Third Avenue, with a membership of 120. Their aim is towards civic improvements and the maintaining of a school where the Chinese language is taught. The president of the Alliance is Robert Gee. The Chinese Young People's Club sponsors the social events of the colony. Dances, picnics, and pageants, principally for the entertainment of the Chinese youth, has been the club's endeavor in the past and, considering the popular appeal their efforts have enjoyed, all indications point towards their steady growth and importance. The membership numbers at present 25 youths, all of whom are members of the Congregational Mission, at 645 First Ave., in-as-much-as the club is an auxiliary of that church. Rev.

H. K. Leung is minister and one of the colony's leading men. The two largest orders which adhere to the customs of the East in their ceremonials are the Tom Family and the Four Family, both fraternal, beneficial organizations. They are steeped in Asiatic mysticism, centuries-old in ritual and traditions, the secrets of which remain inviolate as is their sacred right. The members of these two powerful societies are the indisputable leaders of the older generation of local Chinese.

Newspapers

Locally there are only two Chinese newspapers written in the vernacular. They are both published in Los Angeles: Young China, an organ of political importance, and the Chinese Times containing news of international import, Chinese affairs in the Old Country, and news pertinent to Chinese activities in California.

Feasts & Holidays currently observed.

On October 10th the Chinese the world over celebrate their great Independence Day, commemorating the commencement of Sun Yat-Sen's revolution in October, 1911, which was to result in China's freedom from the Manchu Dynasty under which Chinese had been enslaved since 1644. Dr. Sun Yat-sen is honored as is the institution he created -- democracy. On this date the local Chinese hold dances and banquets, sing, and debate. The national song of China, Shong Wah Onock Kuo, is sung

in the homes and at clubs during the day while in the evening the young people usually gather in some hall to sing their modern Chinese jazz songs -- the Sinfadens. This modern music of the Orient is just as agravating to their older generation as is our brand of jazz to our oldsters-- also it is the unmusical counterpart to ours. Of next importance, and probably more so to the elders, is the Chinese New Year. The exact date is decided upon by complex calculus in accordance with the zodiac, but usually falls in the month of February. On this day and through the night, all China Town is in gala mood. Dancing, singing, and ceremonies are the order of the day; fire works also, if a suitable place can be arranged. It is then that the visitor can see the ancient Lion Dance, a wierd contortion performed in costumes featuring a macabre lion's mask. This dance is held on the street during the parade. Another unusual feature, to the Westerner, is the graceful Mandarin Dance, one of China's oldest institutions, danced by two girls with rhythmic grace and beauty. In the entertainment halls the Sword Dance, or Basing, can be witnessed. From two to several men take part in this mad fantasy of flashing sword blades and spear heads. To the novice it seems impossible that the performers can avoid serious injury but with agile artistry the simitars and their lightening-like swaths are dodged by the dancers. Tradition has brought these purely Chinese dances down through history

since time unrecorded and, by all indications, they will forever remain an integral part of Chinese culture no matter through what phases of transition its people may pass. March 29th is the Chinese Memorial Day in honor of the men who died during the revolution, but this day, in company with August 15th, Moon Day -- a day dedicated to the seasons and the soil, and May 4th, Observance Day -- the day of remembrance to China's sacrifices to Japan, find few who celebrate by any demonstrations. The Chinese have so readily taken up the recognition of our national holidays that they have retained only the most vital of their own.

Folk Tales.

For the greater part China's folk lore is connected with religious miracles, and the lives of religious teachers. Most of these stories have disappeared from the homes of the American-Chinese. There is but one tale alive as yet amidst our Chinese citizens. It is told by mothers to the young children, and will, in all probability, be told and retold as part of a household ritual. The story is known as the Tale of Three Nations and deals with a period over 1200 years ago when there were three ruling houses in China which constantly clashed, keeping the nation divided and therefore weak. The three rulers were Low Bee, King of Haun, Tow-tow, King of N'Gee,

and Sun Khan, King of Ng. Into the midst of this chaos came a general Quan' Kung, descendent of peasant stock, who fought each king and, upon defeating each, forced him to aid in the defeat of the others until the three nations became one great nation. This story of Kung and the Three Nations is told to young boys as an example lesson in the advantage of unification over individualism. The story is usually amplified with gesticulations and facial expressions giving it dramatic conviction. Other than that, the "Twentieth Century Chinese, here and abroad, has little time for old crone's tales", to quote a Chinese student.

Occupations
here and in
Old Country.

The industries of Canton, that great trading metropolis of China, place of origin of nearly all the Chinese now living here, explain why merchants, restaurant owners, hotel keepers, and art dealers who are established in those businesses here, are following the same lines of endeavor they lived by in Canton. By glancing over China Town's merchants one can know these people's occupations in the Old Country, for their work today is a heritage of their ancestors' occupations. Our local Chinese operate art stores, restaurants, herb shops, dry goods establishments, laundries, barber and tailor shops, markets, grocery stores, hotels, import and produce houses

as did their fathers, and in some cases, they, themselves, in Canton.

Among the leading merchants of San Diego's China Town are the following: Tom Kwock, Ben Quon, Albert and Frank Mane, Joe Lowe, C. K. Leong, Henry Lowe, Gim Wing, Dr. Hee, and C. H. Shung. Tom Quin, owner of one of the leading restaurants in the colony and member of one of the oldest and most respected families, here is known as the "Mayor of China Town", due to his civic leadership and progressive spirit.

The Chinese, locally, are keen observers of the city's progress, generous in contributions to relief agencies, and believers in education. They send their children through the highest institutions of learning they can afford. Though ancestor worshipers they do not insist upon the growing generation following the religious faith of their fathers, that of Buddhism. Though lovers of old tradition, they unhesitatingly change their lives and habits so as to harmonize with the present order of their new country. They aided in the pioneering of California and are contributing financially and civically to California's steady growth. The "Heathen Chinees", of ludicrous fiction, bears no resemblance to the Chinese-American business man, service club member, and fellow citizen of San Diego.

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W. P. A.

